

Sports Illustrated

JULY 22, 1995 50 CENTS

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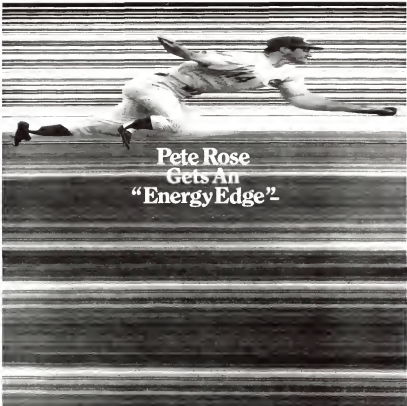
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Next week

THE ALL-STARS, celebrating the 100th anniversary of pro baseball, do their thing for the President and nation. A report on the game and state of the sport by Mark Mulvey.

AN INDIAN WAR on poverty has meant victory—a fishy one—for the Apaches of Arizona. By stocking streams, they have lured sportsmen who gladly pay for a day's angling.

DEATH BY INCHES came to the Green Bay Packers in 1958 and one of the old guards, Jerry Kramer, tells how it happened in an excerpt from his *Foreword to Football*.



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They call him Charlie Hustle. No wonder. In 6 years, he's gone over 200 hits three times. He starts his day with Carnation Instant Breakfast[®]. Mixed with milk, it gives him the kind of nutrition a guy needs when he lives fast. The kind of boost for somebody who does everything a little better, a little quicker. Pete Rose says Carnation Instant Breakfast helps give him an "energy edge." It might do the same for you!



SCORECARD

THE WAY THE BALL FLIES

In Kansas City, at least, there is reason to believe that the lively ball is back. The evidence: some fearsome blows struck this season in Kansas City's Municipal Stadium. Since the Athletics moved there in 1955 just 14 balls have been hit onto Brooklyn Avenue, a feat that requires the batter not only to propel the ball more than 400 feet but to send it above a concrete wall that surmounts an embankment behind the regular right-field fence.

With the home season just half over, three players—Don Mincher, Reggie Jackson and Tony Oliva—have hit balls onto Brooklyn. Never before have more than two balls been hit there in any one season. The average per season, for 14 seasons, has been just one.

BUBBLE BURSTS

With some optimism, this department reported last week on the Lake Roberts experiment with a bubblemaking machine that the New Mexico Game and Fish Department hoped would double the capacity of the lake for trout. The machine was designed to raise, via bubbles, the cold, oxygen-free bottom layer of the lake to the top, which in turn would descend, rich in oxygen, to the bottom.

It worked, too, for a few days, and fishing was great. Then the experimenters repeated the test. Once again the bubbles brought the cold bottom water to the top—and also a large amount of bottom nutrients, which normally would have been a plus indeed. The nutrients caused an extensive growth of algae, which would have been fine, also, except that a cold rain fell on the area, and was followed by several days of overcast skies. That cut the sunlight off the algae (it can't happen in your lighted aquarium), causing it to die and decay. In decaying, the algae dissolved the oxygen content of the lake and thus killed the fish. The fish will be replaced, to be sure, and the experimenters have learned

to study the weather forecasts before stirring up the lake.

Once in a while you're going to bobble when you should burble.

THE PARTY'S OVER

The ugly expression "tennis bum" seems to be on its way out of the game's lexicon—if Stan Malless, chairman of the National Clay Court Championships, has his way and if chairmen of other tournaments follow his lead.

"There will be no guarantees to any player, and no amateur will get more than \$50 in expense money above meals and housing," Malless told the 96 players—64 men, 32 women—entered in the clay court tournament at the Woodstock Club in Indianapolis.

"Some amateurs once were able to get \$500 and \$600 in expense money," he said. "Not now."

Nancy Rachee, seeking her seventh straight title in Indianapolis, was refused a guarantee of \$500.

"Nancy's New York agent called me about six times, saying she'd have to have a guarantee to come here," Malless said. "I told him she could possibly win \$1,250 if she took the singles and doubles titles and that I couldn't offer a guarantee. Finally I called Nancy, and she agreed to come."

Malless is opposed to guarantees, he explained, because they could destroy incentive.

PARTISAN COMMENTARY

A magazine for intellectuals, *Commentary*, has, no surprise here, paid but little attention to sport over the years. Now, in its July issue, the magazine presents some thoughts by William Phillips, co-founder and chairman of the editorial board of *Partisan Review*, which is still another magazine for intellectuals.

"Football is not only the most popular sport," holds Phillips. "It is the most intellectual one. It is, in fact, the intellectuals' secret vice. Not politics,

not sex, not pornography, but football, and not college football but the real thing, pro ball, is the opium of the intellectuals...."

"All sports serve as some kind of release, but the rhythm of football is geared particularly to the violence and peculiar combination of order and disorder of modern life. Baseball is too slow, too dependable, too much like a regional drawl. Basketball is too nervous and too tight; hockey too frenzied; boxing too chaotic, too folksy. Only football provides a genuine catharsis."

Commentary said it. We didn't.

UNSCARED SCALER

Twice an NCAA discus champion at Washington State, John Van Reenen, 6' 5" and 265 pounds, has decided to turn out for football this fall. Though Van Reenen, who is a South African, will be trying to play the first game of his life in one of the nation's toughest conferences, Football Coach Jim Sweeney is delighted. After all, the young



man's physical credentials are in excellent order.

Football requires more than physique, of course. Courage, for one thing. Does Van Reenen have courage? His summer job provides an answer. He's a high scaler, which is to say he hangs on a rope slung from a 200-foot cliff over the Snake River Canyon and clears loose rocks that could fall on trains or tracks. Rattlesnakes infest the rocks and take umbrage at being dislodged. One of the rattlers al-

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So the institution's portfolio trader calls an investment firm with a professional block trading department and says, "Can you find me a buyer fast?"

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The only trouble is, now that men are letting their hair grow long, it doesn't function as well as it used to.

The plain truth is, all a comb can really do is comb



your hair. The new Remington Hot Comb does a lot more.

It runs on electricity, which produces hot air, which provides a comb-blower effect. Which makes a big difference.

For instance, it can make you look like you've got more hair, if the more-hair look is what you want.

Or, if your hair has a great shape when you leave the barber shop, but no shape three days later, comb-blowing it dry with The Hot Comb will give you back the look Larry the barber gave you.

3. The cowlick.



What's more, you know that miserable cowlick you've had since you were six?

The one that drives you nuts?

With a little heat and the brush attachment, you can put it down in seconds.

4. The wing.



The same goes for those stray chunks of hair that put out from the side of your head because you happened to sleep on your hair the wrong way.

5. The wave.



And you know that dumb wave in front? The one your mother loves?

The instruction book that comes with The Hot Comb will show you how to make it disappear. (We'll leave you to decide what to do about your mother.)

The book will also show you how to straighten that beautifully curly hair you hate.

It's very easy with The Hot Comb. And impossible with a regular comb.



6. Curles are nice on girls.

In fact, about the only thing a cold comb does that The Hot Comb can't do is fit in your back pocket.

But that's a small price to pay for fixing everything that's wrong with your hair.



7. The only drawback.



THE HOT COMB FROM REMINGTON

most got him the other day, Van Reenen concedes, but he shrugs it off.

"When you come from South Africa," he explains, "you don't worry that much about rattlers. We have some real snakes back home. Cobra, you know, and mamba." Of the mamba, Van Reenen says, "When he hits you, you have about three minutes left."

So much for courage.

ROUGHING IT—1969 STYLE

The 30,000 boy scouts encamped at their current Jamboree in Farragut State Park in Idaho will not have to rub sticks together to start a fire. Or do much of anything else.

Arriving, they found 200 tons of charcoal briquettes, 7,912 outdoor grills, 26,034 dozen eggs, 3,514 pounds of sausage and uncounted steaks, chicken, hamburger, hot dogs and pie, plus who knows how many gallons of milk, orange juice, lemonade and grapeade.

Mosquitoes and mice were cleared out of the area before the boys got there. There was a 200-bed mobile hospital, complete with doctors and dentists, and 18 ambulances and two helicopters to whisk away the injured.

Best of all, perhaps, the scouts could fish in Buttonhook Bay, at the south-west tip of Lake Pend Oreille, for 32,000 rainbow trout planted for the occasion and then fenced into the area by a special holding net. Reverent, obedient, helpful fish—presumably.

CLOUDED CRYSTAL BASEBALL

With the restricted free-agent draft coming, the Philadelphia Phillies went around the country in 1964 signing hot young prospects in a beat-the-draft talent hunt. They picked up guys named Joe Middelkorf, Jerry Gimapetruzzi, Doug Eiken, and Larry Vogt. They did not sign a youngster who played football and baseball for Cheltenham High School, less than six miles from Philadelphia's Connie Mack Stadium, though a number of scouts had been sent to investigate his abilities. Their reports were less than enthusiastic:

"Did not impress me as big league prospect. . . . Average speed, average bat."

"All he lacks is size."

"This boy does everything well with exception of hitting. Not impressed with his bat."

The youngster was Reggie Jackson,

as you may have guessed, and when the old scouting reports were brought to the attention of Bob Carpenter, Phillie owner, he sighed.

"Scouts," he said. "The guy who saw Dave Sime told me, 'Good hitter, average speed.'"

As a hitter, Sime couldn't connect with a major league curve. As a runner, he broke world sprint records.

TROUBLE FOR FEATHER MERCHANTS

Since April it has been illegal to import jungle-cock feathers into the U.S., because the bird involved is found exclusively in India and conservationists there believe its survival is endangered. This has been a blow to flytters, an exacting breed, by whom the jungle cock has been considered essential in forming the "eyes" of such streamerflies as the Mackey-Fans, the Grey Ghost and the Green King. Of the 10 most popular streamers, according to a 1949 poll of veteran anglers, only the Lady Ghost lacked jungle-cock eyes. The Lady Ghost has pheasant-feather cheeks instead.

When streamer flies started to win popularity a flyter could get his pack of several necks for \$10. Then it became the custom to sell individual feathers rather than the whole neck. Before the ban on imports a good neck could have commanded \$50. Now they are all but impossible to come by. Priceless.

To the rescue comes Roger Palmer of Sanford, Maine, who says he has found a good substitute. Palmer has tried guinea-hen feathers and says they work quite satisfactorily. Only a small piece of the feather is needed, because it is polka-dotted and just two dots provide the eyes at the head of a fly.

THE HARD WAY

Paddling down the Mississippi is pretty much a traditional summer stunt for college students. But this summer two University of Minnesota students are attempting to paddle upstream from New Orleans to Minneapolis. Their reason for the turnaround "because everybody else has already done it the other way."

Paddling down the river is mostly a matter of keeping in the current but John Buettner and Jim White, 20-year-old engineering students, will have to employ several million strokes and overcome several hundred blisters before they reach Minneapolis in mid-August.

The canoeists hit the water at 6:30

each morning and work until nightfall. On an average day they cover 25 miles. Eventually they will have done about 1,300 grueling miles.

Pausing at Memphis one recent evening, they said they planned no more trips.

GOOD BLESS ENGLAND

In a hot summer heavy with the threat of confrontations in many cities, the U.S. hardly needed an extra starter. Now, thanks to a gallant and perhaps underestimated British Davis Cup team, we have been spared one that had a lot of nasty potential. The British upset heavily favored South Africa last weekend in a tie marked by anti-apartheid demonstrations.

These displays were mild compared to what might have happened if the Springboks ultimately had won the right to meet the U.S. in Cleveland. As representatives of a country whose government has discouraged Arthur Ashe from entering its tournaments, and in a city governed by a Negro mayor, the South African team—merely by its presence—almost certainly would have provoked a fierce protest.

Sport should be above politics, of course, but in the real world it often isn't, particularly when one of the competitors does not even subscribe to the theory.

THEY SAID IT

• Carl Yarbrough, stock car driver, on being told he was a father, for the second time, of a daughter, for the second time, when what he would really like is a son: "Next time it'll be different. I think I've figured out what I'm doing wrong."

• Home run slugger Reggie Jackson of the Oakland Athletics: "I don't let all the publicity get to me because next year if I'm only hitting a dollar eight and change people won't come around."

• Paul Brown, coach and general manager of the Cincinnati Bengals, welcoming his team: "We want you to dress well, conduct yourselves well. We're not interested in youth rebellion or the campus oddballs you see here or elsewhere. People like that have what doctors call a psychosis to be noticed."

• O. J. Simpson: "There is no principle involved in my holdout. Just money."

• Norm Cash, Detroit first baseman, on retiring: "I'm not going to quit a \$60,000 to \$70,000 job to go to work." **END**

Sports Illustrated

JULY 28, 1989

THE NEW METS GO BUMP



They began the season just like the old Mets. But last week they outscrapped the Cubs, head to head and toe to toe, in sunny Wrigley Field to prove themselves amazin' in fact instead of in jest

by MARK MULVOY

Not even Casey Stengel himself foresaw the day when the New York Mets really would be amazing. It was Stengel who named them the Amazin' Mets during their infancy—not because they played with amazing ability or amazing success, but because they were the most amazingly incompetent team in the history of baseball. While losing 110 to 120 games a season, they drew crowds that could only be explained by the fact that everyone loves a good horror show. The Mets were more gruesome than Frankenstein any day.

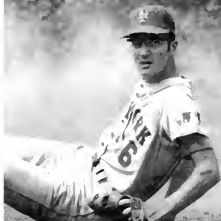
"The people laughed at us and waved banners in our faces," says Jim Hick-

man, a Met original who is now with the Cubs. Stengel loved the banners "If a banner got in your way," Casey said, "you didn't mind missing a play because it was something bad happening anyway." So instead of Bat Days and Cap Days and Bell and Helmet Days, the Mets had Banner Days, the first prize for which usually was two tickets for a game against Los Angeles or San Francisco. Real major league ball clubs.

But now it is 1989, and in the fairyland of Shea Stadium the toad has turned into a prince. The Amazin' Mets have developed into... well, the Amazing Mets. They suddenly have discovered

how to win games. Last week they managed to retain the magic even in the broad light of day in Chicago's Wrigley Field as they won two of three games from the Cubs. Then they went off to Montreal to take two of four games from the sputtering Expos. By the time they recessed last Sunday for the All-Star Game the Mets, who never have had a winning record, were in second place in the National League's East Division, only two games behind the Cubs in the loss column. Their record, 53 wins and 39 losses, was the fourth best in baseball, better, in fact, than the best team in the National League West. Today,

IN THE LIGHT OF DAY



so the gag goes, there is panic among New Yorkers that the Mets might follow the Dodgers and the Giants west to compete in a weaker league.

The most amazing thing about these new Mets is that they started the season like the old Mets, winning only 18 games and losing 23 through May 27. "That was accomplished in a rash of mediocrity," says Outfielder Ron Swoboda. But since then, the Mets have been the best team in the National League. They tore off an 11-game winning streak, including a historic New York sweep of six games against the Dodgers and the Giants, and during the eight weeks between May 27 and the All-Star break, the Mets won 35 games and lost only 16, a pace that was 4½ games better than Chicago's record for the same period.

Four main reasons for the Mets' ex-

alted station are Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, Cleon Jones and Tommie Agee. Seaver, the ultra-cool righthander, generally wins every four or five days, and so does Koosman, now that the left-hander has recovered from an early-season sore shoulder. Both Seaver and Koosman were named to the All-Star team. Jones, a starting All-Star outfielder and one of the few major-leaguers in history who bats right and throws left, has been hitting around .350 all year, while Agee, the swift centerfielder who flopped so miserably last year after he was secured from the Chicago White Sox, has provided the Mets with the most lethal leadoff hitting in either league. Agee has hit 16 home runs so far, swinging at the first pitch of every game. Against the Cubs the last two weeks he led off games with 1) a first-pitch triple off Ken Holtz-

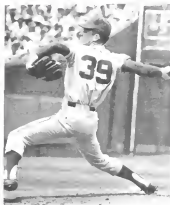
Happiness is a pitout at second, where once the Mets dropped the ball. Al Wells shows pleasure, Cub Jim Qualls registers dismay.

man, 2) a first-pitch home run off Bill Hands, and 3) a first-pitch double off Ferguson Jenkins. Instant insanity, they call Agee now.

These four players must maintain their high-octane level if the Mets are to remain contenders and not dissolve into the Eight-Week Wonders of the World. They are, after all, still behind the Cubs, who opened a strong 8½ game lead on the field while the Mets were being Mets and the favored St. Louis Cardinals were counting their money.

To go back to those early days, there was a time when it seemed that the Cubs might clinch the pennant by the Fourth of July. Then the Mets corrected their

continued



Gary Bentry, who may become another Mel Rookie of Year, beat Cubs with strong game



At West, the sudden slobber got the skin treatment from happy, hardly believing Mets

course and the Cubs started to play with consistent inconsistency, which is our hard to explain, since the Cubs are in one way much like a football team. They have 11 men who do most of the work, and 11, as that old craghpoeter Leo Du rocker well knows, is a good round number. The manager's 11 Cubs are the four infielders, Ron Santo, Don Kessinger, Glenn Beckert and Ernie Banks, the catcher, Randy Hundley (all of whom made the All-Star team), the rightfielder, Billy Williams, and the five pitchers: Starters Ferguson Jenkins, Bill Hands and Ken Holtzman and Relievers Phil Regan and Ted Aherathy. Still, since the middle of June, the Cubs have played barely 500 baseball.

The Cubs might well return to their earlier hot pace at any moment, however, and there is always St. Louis, which played dead until Independence Day. Then, as though startled by a firecracker, the Cardinals suddenly realized they were 15½ games behind the first-place Cubs and said they would give it a try, although no team has ever rallied from such depths to win a pennant. The Cards won 12 of their next 14 games to cut 6½ games from their deficit. "For the first time all year the fluke bats are dropping our way," said Card Batting Coach Dick Sisler.

The Cardinals, though, are a minor conversational item compared with the abrupt emergence of the Mets as a 100-to-1 team that conceivably could win a pennant. There is recent precedent for such an accomplishment: The Boston Red Sox won the 1967 American League pennant against 100-to-1 odds, and the New York Jets, who share Shea Stadium with the Mets, beat the Baltimore Colts in the 1969 Super Bowl. "All I will say, at least for the present, is that a team in our circumstances has won the pennant before," says Manager Gil Hodges, who, incidentally, does not plan to trade for Ken Harrelson (SL, July 14) this winter. "I think we'd all relate ourselves if Harrelson somehow came to the Mets," said one New York player, still seething over the Hawk's attack on Hodges' reputation.

Despite the Mets' improved performance during the month of June (19 wins and nine losses), no one really took them seriously until Tuesday afternoon, July 8, when they opened a three-game series with the Cubs at Shea Stadium. Second-place New York was five games

behind the Cubs, and the game, scheduled for baseball exorcism, treated the series like a pennant playoff. More than 55,000 sat glumly for eight innings that afternoon while Jenkins stifled New York on one hit. Then, in the ninth, the Mets scored three runs, thanks mostly to a pair of fielding misplays by Cub Centerfielder Don Young, and they won the game 4-3.

The Cubs, it developed after that game, had an internal problem. Third Baseman Ron Santo, their ringleader, said, "[Young] took us down to defeat because he was brooding about his hitting. When he has it's a dividend, but when he fails on defense he's lost. I don't know who Leo has in mind to play center field, but I hope to sell him on Hickman, any ball Jim reaches, you can bet your money he'll hold onto it."

Santo realized the next day that his remarks were ill timed. He apologized privately to Young, then called a team meeting to apologize again, publicly. "I say a lot of things I don't mean," he said. "Unfortunately, I say them at the wrong time."

Young was on the bench the next night when the Cubs faced Seaver before almost 60,000, most of whom were too involved in becoming winners to waste time waving banners. In his position was a rookie named Jimmy Qualls, who had spent most of the season at Tacoma. For eight innings Seaver pitched perfect baseball, but with one out in the ninth Qualls singled to left center to spoil Seaver's no-hitter and to take the edge off his 4-0 win.

The Cubs did not lose their confidence. "If Seaver had pitched a perfect game," Santo said, "we'd have been really down. I think Qualls hit will work for us." Sure enough, the Cubs won the final game of the series 6-2 as Hands pitched a fine game.

Last Monday the Mets and the Cubs resumed their rivalry in Wrigley Field. After the series at Shea Stadium, Santo said, "Wait until we get the Mets back home before the Bleacher Bums." He also reportedly said, "I wouldn't put the Met infield in Tacoma." So the Mets developed instant hate for Ron Santo.

The Bleacher Bums were in their left-field bleacher seats by 10 a.m. Monday, 3½ hours before game time. There were more than 40,000 standing room capacity in Wrigley Field—inside the park an hour before Hands threw the first

pitch. The game was superb, and Hands, with last-inning help from Phil Regan, won 1 Over Scaver.

After the game Santo turned from third base and started to run for the Cubs' clubhouse. En route he leaped high and kicked out his right foot. "That's my thing," he said. "I'm kicking the habit. The losing habit. It's my salute to the Bleacher Bums. I'm working on a double kick for the World Series."

Ron Swoboda was not impressed. "I don't go for that," he said, suffering with the other Mets over the fact that their best pitcher had lost. "In the old days," Swoboda said, "there were always 10 or 15 reasons why we lost a game, so there was never any sense brooding over it. Now, when we are so close, it is tougher to lose. We can look back at an incident and say, if we had done this we could have won."

The incident in the first Chicago game occurred in the eighth inning. Ken Boswell, the Mets' second baseman, led off with a hit sliced down the third-base line. He watched the ball, then ran for first. The ball pounced on the third-base bag and rolled into foul territory. Boswell raced around first and charged for second. Santo recovered and threw Boswell out by 20 feet. It was a beautiful play by Santo. "It was a mistake by Boswell," Hodges said later.

But these are the new Mets, remember, and they did not quit. They won Tuesday's game 5-4 on a three-run homer by Reserve Shortstop Al Weis, who had hit only four home runs in his seven-year major league career but knew a home-run pitch when he saw it.

After the game Durocher incinerated Dick Selma, the former Met who had thrown Weis a waist-high fastball on a one-ball and two-strike count. "Weis couldn't hit a curveball with *that*," Leo said, pointing to the conference table in his office. "It's no second guess. Selma's got to think better." Then Durocher, perhaps symbolically, covered his head with a wet towel.

Jenkins, a 20-game winner the last two years and already a 13-game winner this one, was upset because he was not selected to the National League's All-Star team. "I'm as good as any other pitcher in the league," he said, "but if Red Schoendienst doesn't want to pick me, well, that's his right." Jenkins started the final game, and Agee, the instant insanity man, led off with his double to

left. Boswell singled Agee home, then Jones singled Boswell to third and stole second as Art Shamsky struck out. Jenkins purposely walked Wayne Garrett to load the bases. Ed Kranepool, who looks like an advertisement for Inertia, Inc., singled for one more run, and J. C. Martin singled for two more. When Agee led off the second inning with a home run, Jenkins was gone and, so far as the Mets were concerned, Schoendienst was right.

The Cubs closed to 6-5 after three innings, but Weis, a slugger now, hit another home run in the fifth, and Shamsky, who is about to open a New York bar in partnership with Phil Lanz (presumably under the watchful eye of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn), hit a two-run homer to assure victory.

"Who saw Santo's victory dance today?" Seaver asked. There was a raucous response, and Coach Joe Pignatano gave a poor imitation of Santo's kick.

"Let's hear it for Leo!" Seaver said.

"Let's hear it for Cheerleader Selma!"

Ed Kranepool said.

"Let's hear it for the Bleacher Bums!"

Shamsky said.

"Let's hear it for the FBI!" Pignatano said. No response. "Yeah, the FBI Full-Blooded Italians," Coach Yogi Berra joined the second raucous response.

The Mets dressed slowly. "Until this year we never knew if our feet were on the ground or what," Seaver said. "We were pretty infantile. Now we know about ourselves, about the manager and about what he wants. He's more than fair." Swoboda said, "Each victory broadens our base. We're solid, we're not high and flighty."

In the first game against the Expos in Montreal, Jones was thrown out of the game after a fight with Catcher Ron Brand. It was the best sports fight Montreal had seen since John Ferguson's last war for the Canadiens, and it reinforced the notion that the Mets will not quit.

New York finishes its season in Chicago, playing two games against the Cubs. "My ambition," said Ed Kranepool, "is to come into Wrigley Field with a three-game lead. Then I'm going to go over and stand on the steps of the Cub dugout and wait for that smiling Ernie Banks to come out. Then I'll start singing, 'What a beautiful day to play baseball!'"

Ah, those beautiful and truly Amazon! Mets

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN SCHWARTZ



Tom Seaver jumping off in Chicago heat, was Met hero though he lost a 1-0 thriller



Yogi Berra, quiet and all-but-forgotten first-base coach for Mets, saw fire after close call

TO BE A GOOD JOE, IT TAKES A HARD SELL

Joe Namath ended his retirement, agreeing to sell his interest in his bar and to choose his friends more wisely

by GARY RONBERG

And so, faced with third down and long yardage, Joe Namath ate the ball. By agreeing last Friday to Commissioner Pete Rozelle's demands that he divest himself of his interest in the New York nightclub, Bachelors III, and, as well, that he become more selective of the company he keeps, the Jets quarterback was permitted to join the other world champions in their preseason training camp.

The Peace of Park Avenue was reached virtually altogether on the commissioner's terms. Not only did Namath agree to sell the bar, but the deal must be made with a buyer who meets Rozelle's approval. *The New York Times* also disclosed that the commissioner has the right to turn down any other potential investors who may wish to join with Namath if he opens new Bachelors IIIs in such other cities as Boston, Miami and Los Angeles.

Of course, it was not so much ownership of the bar as it was the unsavory Mafia types who frequented the place that was the real brunt of the issue. Pro football's security forces had observed known gamblers and mobsters in the bar for months. As early as January Rozelle was concerned enough to try to meet with Namath about the situation. The day after the press conference heralding Namath's return to football Rozelle made it clear that the settlement did indeed touch on matters beyond the simple sale of the bar.

"When I said Namath and I had reached full accord and understanding," Rozelle carefully explained, "it was a sweeping thing, covering all aspects of the case. We reached total accord on the matter of his associations as well as on the sale of his interest in Bachelors III. You can assume from this statement that in the future he will be sure he knows the background of anyone with

whom he becomes friendly, and he will duck anyone he knows to be undesirable. We have a clear understanding on this, he will know about people before he gets close to them."

At the press conference in the pro football offices Namath had stoutly upheld his blamelessness. Sitting next to the commissioner behind a long mahogany table, Namath—in sports shirt, bell-bottoms and sneakers—could not help but break into a grin when Rozelle said flatly, "Joe has agreed to sell his interest in Bachelors III."

Then it was Joe Willie's turn. "I've done nothing wrong," he said, "but because of the way some of the people have written and some of the things that have been said in the past, and because this has caused so much trouble for football and for me, we feel we should divorce ourselves of the restaurant at this time, though everything that's been said about myself having dice games is wrong." (Actually, there has been no public suggestion that Namath himself was involved in dice games, although enforcement authorities have said that such games were held in Namath's shared East 76th Street apartment.)

Rozelle had wanted to talk informally with Namath—"just to get to know him, to find out what makes him tick"—as far back as the week after the Super Bowl. When business took him to Jacksonville, where Joe was preparing for the AFL All-Star Game, Rozelle checked into Namath's hotel and left a message for him to get in touch. Namath never called back, however, and Rozelle had to leave town the next day. "I can understand it," the commissioner says, "It was only six days after the Super Bowl, and there must have been a million people trying to reach him. But I always felt that if we could have had that talk,

maybe this whole thing wouldn't have gone as far as it did."

Eventually the two men did talk. Rozelle told Namath what his investigators had found in Bachelors III and informed the quarterback he would be suspended unless he got out of the place. As late as June 3—the night the New York Football Writers honored Namath at the Waldorf-Astoria, Rozelle had little reason to believe Joe would not comply. On June 6, however—at a press conference in Bachelors III—Namath tearfully announced that, instead of selling, he would retire. He had done nothing wrong, he maintained; it was strictly a matter of "principle."

The decision blind-sided both leagues, which only shortly before had agreed to a realignment plan that would send Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Baltimore—all NFL teams—into the AFL in 1970. With Namath gone, nothing was the same—especially the Colts' tailor-made rivalry with the Jets and vital television contract negotiations. Rozelle and Namath did not meet for three weeks, and when at last they did get together for two hours of discussions on June 26, nothing was resolved.

On July 11 while Namath was in Hollywood making a film a report was published that he would show up at the Jets' camp when it opened July 13. This stratagem would have forced Rozelle's hand by making him officially suspend Namath. This unpleasantness, however, was avoided. When camp opened at Hofstra University on Long Island, Namath was not there.

So the next day Rozelle took the lead. He telephoned Namath's lawyer, Jim Walsh, and suggested that he and Joe meet the following afternoon. On Tuesday, July 15, Namath appeared at the commissioner's apartment about 2 p.m., remained until 7, left, then came back at 10 for two more hours of discussion. "Our conversations never reached heated proportions," Rozelle said afterward. "They were low-key and amiable." On Wednesday the two talked again over the telephone, and that night Namath slipped secretly out to Hofstra, where he met with his teammates in their dressing room to reiterate his side of the story in detail.

The Jets were in the dark as much as

At the press conference with Commissioner Rozelle, Namath explains his change of heart.



everyone else. Early in the week Defensive Captain Johnny Sample, acting as the team's official spokesman, had demanded that the commissioner come out to Hofstra and tell the Jets exactly what Namath had done wrong. Rozelle thought the timing was bad. "I didn't want to go out there while Joe and I were discussing this situation and do anything that might disrupt the satisfactory solution to a very difficult problem," he said.

On Thursday Rozelle met for four hours with Walsh and, determined to clear everything up before the weekend, requested another meeting with Namath on Friday. Namath, booked on a 2 p.m. flight to Los Angeles, moved his reservation back five hours. Accompanied by Mike Bite, another of his attorneys, Namath walked into Rozelle's office at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon. "We reviewed the situation for about an hour and a half," Rozelle said. "There were no historic words. About 4:30 he just put out his hand, we shook and that was it."

Coach Weeb Ewbank, who had been trying to get his team—and especially 39-year-old backup Quarterback Babe Parilli—ready for the College All-Star Game in Chicago August 1, got the news just before leaving for dinner. A few minutes later he rose from his seat at the training table, tapped a glass with a spoon and told the Jets that Namath was selling his interest in Bachelors III and would be in camp Sunday night.

Still, everything isn't exactly super with the champions. A severe lack of communication between the players and management—Ewbank, in particular—was heightened last January when Assistant Coach Clive Rush took a job as head coach of the Boston Patriots. Rush was the one man the Jets felt they could talk to candidly and, more important, he knew how to handle Broadway Joe. Ewbank, aware of this, last March hired Ken Meyer, an assistant coach at Alabama during Namath's college days, as a longshot hope that he can fill Rush's role.

All this is hardly a guarantee there will not be more fireworks involving the New York Jets this season, but—for the time being, at least—everybody is glad to see the white shoes back in the huddle. After all, that's where Joe Namath is at his best, regardless of what you may have heard.

END

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOT ROD

But a home can hurry right along, as shown when a block of seagoing spirit-levels got together to race for the houseboat championship in what turned out to be a comfy little cruise for the winner **by HUGH D. WHALL**

Modern houseboats being what they are—sinfully luxurious is what they are—it ought to be enough to run them lazily around back rivers and bayous. The last thing anybody really needs is a national championship houseboat race. Such a contest can only lead to an inconclusive end, with the racers sunning themselves in their padded chairs along the way or, heaven forbid, drinking cold things from their on-board refrigerators. This is racing!

Absolutely. Houseboats are a special breed anyway, and after the first-ever championships staged off Fort Lauderdale, Fla. last week, the winner turned out to be nicely representative. The new American championship boat comes with a stereo, couches that convert into beds, carpeted decks and a crew that is no more and no less crazy than anybody who houseboats. The pilot, for example, spent part of the race steering his craft with one foot as he leaned out a window, and the chief mechanic thought it would be a dandy idea to drop a stick of dynamite into the gas tank for a little extra kick. They relaxed, and they won by a mile.

When Promoter Sherman F. (Red) Crise set all this up, it was to be a spotlight feature of his Florida Ocean Race Week. First came the more or less serious Sam Griffith Ocean Classic, with genuine ocean-racing powerboats skipping 200 miles downcoast to Miami, around Biscayne Bay and back. Then, Crise promised, all the best houseboats in the country would have at it. The Griffith race came off well enough, although

weekend waters were too flat for a suitable test. New Yorker Bill Wehnick ran his 32-foot *Barr O' Nova* to a winning world speed mark of 70.284 mph over the course. He beat 13 other offshore racers, most notably Floridian Don Aronow, who had jumped off early in the season to an impressive pace in world title points but who has collected a devastating array of injuries in mishaps along the way. Aronow's boat broke down halfway, but he pointed out, "Even if I had run the whole course, I couldn't have beaten Bill today anyway." And after that serious high point, Florida Ocean Race Week began to come apart at the caulking.

Despite Crise's insistence that he was serious about the whole thing, "all the best houseboats" turned out to be seven or eight, nobody seemed quite certain. Some of the big-name houseboat manufacturers—among them Chris-Craft, Thunderbird and Nautia-Line—decided not to enter the race, having a good deal more to lose than to gain.

Most determined of the surviving entrants was a manner from Roswell, Ga., Dee Spring, who set about preparing his 43-foot Capri XL Avenger, as if he were houseboating to the moon. Owner-Designer Spring equipped the Capri with a pair of Chrysler 260s, conceded to be somewhat larger than the stock engines that usually come with the boat, and chose 37-year-old Bob Storer, who is a movie mogul, as his driver. He added a gentleman named Marcus Brooks as racing mechanic. Brooks, Spring kept insisting seriously, "will steal the teeth

right out of your head while you're standing there. He is the world's biggest liar and he has been fired six or seven times, but for all that I love him dearly." Spring claimed further that, apart from souping up dragstrip cars, Mechanic Brooks' chief talent was in preparing "ridge runners," hot cars that could outrun revenue agents.

Promoter Crise had ruled that if this was to be a true championship houseboat race the entrants had to run regulation houseboats. "So this is a regular houseboat," Spring said, waving his hand around at the appointments. The Capri had all the comforts of an English Tudor on the Philadelphia Main Line: a stereo, air conditioner, fancy curtains, kitchen sink, refrigerator, couches and a full dinette. "I ain't gonna do nothing to it," said Spring. But back aft, guarded by a Chrysler engineer who had been sent to make sure nothing went awry with the engines, Brooks was not satisfied. He had in mind dynamiting the gas tank, an old ruse of ridge runners. It was a great additive, he said, that would produce 300 to 400 additional revolutions per minute, "providing, of course, it doesn't blow up." But the owner and the Chrysler man wouldn't hear of it.

Meanwhile, if there was a prerace favorite, it had to be the mother-daughter ocean-racing team of Rene and Gale

continued

After closely bunched start off Lauderdale, six other houseboats found that Capri XL (fifth from bottom) was too fast and fancy





Jacoby (SI, May 22, 1967). Together, they had raced more miles over more ocean than anyone in this particular contest and, indeed, they had won the houseboat division of the first Bahamas 500 powerboat race in a 40-foot Thunderbird. (Two houseboats had entered; the Jacobys managed to finish, thereby winning first in class.) The ladies were signed to race another Thunderbird, but when that company backed out Galleon Industries offered them a new 42-footer with a sort of splendid Spanish Provincial interior design and powered by a set of Chrysler inboard-outboards. The entrant almost did not make it.

The Spanish Galleons are built in Pell City, Ala., which is not much closer to the ocean than it is to the moon. Loaded on a trailer for Fort Lauderdale, the boat ran afoul of Florida laws restricting wide loads on highways. It took some frantic calls to Florida Governor Claude Kirk, who is something of a houseboating buff, to clear the Galleon. Finally it came trundling down the road, occasionally with a police escort, just in time for the race but not in enough time for the Jacobys to get any practice.

Figuring he had the favorites pretty well beaten, Spring then took a houseload of friends out for a trial run and promptly ran into another shock. He had figured his smooth-riding Capri was capable of 42 mph and could outrun anything in the race when—look: there was a cheeky little 31-foot Gibson called *Sanscott* with an obvious mile or two an hour on him. Mechanic Brooks started to talk about adding the dynamite again. No. Well, then, "I understand the Gibson is pretty much stripped down to its engines and fuel tanks," he said, wondering bemusedly why the Capri couldn't do the same thing. Cap'n Spring agreed. "If they want to play that game," he said, "so can two."

They docked, and out through the front window went the refrigerator. The dinette table followed: out went one snugly couch and in came portable gas tanks. And, despite the staggering heat,

the air conditioner was dismantled to lighten the Capri. Worse than that, Driver Storer said they would race with all the windows closed to reduce air turbulence around the cabin. Captain Spring disagreed. A better idea, he suggested, would be to open the forward windows and then open the back porch door and let the air fly in one side and out the other. But Storer convinced him, and they sealed the windows.

Race day dawned ominously: there was no sun and, on shore, palm fronds fluttered uneasily, as they will in Florida before a storm. Was the weather breaking? Could it be that wind and rain and an ugly Gulf Stream would shake up those seagoing split-levels?

No, it could not be. By race time the course lay so docile that even the skipper of the smallest boat in the race, a 24-foot Golden Viking, was ready to start, a risk he said he would never take if so much as a ripple stirred the ocean. And they all wallowed off to the line. The championship would be decided over 100 miles—10 laps of a course starting off the Galt Ocean Mile Hotel, down the coastline for the benefit of spectators, turning at the Yankee Clipper and back again.

At the wheel Storer looked out over the course. "It's too damn close in," he grumbled, the warning of a veteran who has driven all manner of racing craft. But then he shrugged. "Why can't I get nervous about it?" he asked. Spring began to show his anxiety by running back and forth through the ravaged cabin, moaning, "My feet hurt!" And the pace boat began to pick up the speed.

There, on one side of the Capri ran the Gibson. And off to starboard ran a strange new houseboat without a racing number—but with a pair of lovely, bikini-clad girls sitting prettily up on the roof. They may have been out for a Sunday ride and suddenly found themselves in the race—nobody ever found out. But everyone seemed to agree that the contestants were all so closely bunched at the flying start that a crash could have turned the whole race into an instant condominium.

Not that Cap'n Spring cared. Peering through a side window with all the futility of a prying neighbor, he watched the Gibson's every move until, gradually,

it became clear that the rival boat was dropping slowly behind. "We got 'em! We got 'em!" he screamed at Storer as the rest of the race slid slowly astern. And minutes later, its windows still sealed, the Capri became one big racing, winning steam bath.

Spring kept count of the laps in his own scientific way: by dropping coins into an ashtray every time one round was completed. The crew relaxed and turned to soft drinks from the portable cooler; Storer took his hands off the wheel and stretched. He throttled back to save the engines. And halfway through the second easy lap, he took the boat off course to wave at his family and some friends who were spectating aboard a nearby cruiser. On the third lap he pulled up right alongside the cruiser "to visit a while." Spring was a bit uncomfortable over such a display of confidence, but not so uncomfortable that he couldn't lean out the now unsealed window and exchange pleasantries with the folks. And, that done, they tooted the horn and joined the race again—still in the lead. "Next time, skipper," said Brooks, "let's stop for a beer."

Finally Spring opened all the windows and lit up a cigar. He yawned a bit. And Storer, having exhausted all his comfortable steering stances, first one foot and then the other, began leaning out of the front window and steering with his right foot. Spring put a stop to it, pointing out that it didn't somehow look professional for a race pilot to drive with his toes. And about that time the crew ran out of cooling drinks and one of them fell asleep while propped on the kitchen sink.

By the 10th lap, just before getting the checkered flag, Storer and Spring were huddled over the console, drawing up plans for bigger engines and bigger fuel tanks in the Capri. Having won the First National Houseboat Championship, the obvious next goal would have to be the big run next October from Miami to Nassau. Well, why not? As their friends pointed out back at the dock, they could always take good old Marcus Brooks along. "If he was going to put dynamite in the gas tank on this race," said one, "what do you think he'll do when they race to Nassau?"

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWARTZ

Against a backdrop of typically larded Florida dolls at doordash, the winning houseboat cruised home with its crew at ease upstairs.

WE'RE GOING TO WIN—YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT

As Vince Lombardi shouts his war cry, no Redskin dances with more enthusiasm than Sonny Jurgensen **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

As every keeper of the faith should know by now the coming of Vince Lombardi—out of that special purgatory he arranged for himself in Green Bay—to the Washington Redskins has had a galvanic, almost evangelical effect on the Redskins themselves. They speak of the experience in the enthusiastic way changed men describe their conversions. Center Len Hauss, for example, a five-year Redskin veteran, was vacationing on Lake Okeechobee in quest of speckled perch when the big news reached him, and his first impulse was to get to shore right away and start doing push-ups. He said he sensed an urgent need to prepare himself for Coach Lombardi, who he remembered as being about eight feet tall.

Ray McDonald, the large young fullback who had been having problems adapting to professional football, got so excited thinking about the coming of the new deal that he lost 20 pounds and was not altogether sure if it was diet or intensified worry that did it. McDonald reported to the Redskins camp at Carlisle, Pa. as fat-free as a chorus girl and full of that oldtime religion.

"I'd go right through that wall for The Man," McDonald said after the first day of practice. (Lombardi is referred to by his players as The Man only as a variation of Coach Lombardi or *Mister Lombardi*. He is never called Vince, except in books by former Green Bay players.) A first practice under Lombardi is always an adventure in torture, and most of the Redskins showed up early, anxious to bite the dust and to see if they could stand the pain. McDonald was

one. He took everything Lombardi dished out—a generous portion—and came up smiling, as though purified.

"I'd do those grass drills all day for The Man," he said. "I'd run till I dropped. I'd do anything for him. He told us we had to love one another, to care for other players on the team if we were going to be a team. He's a genius, a genius. We had a one-hour meeting last night. You know how many plays he gave us? Two. Only two plays in one hour. But we saw those plays like we never saw plays before."

By the end of that first day the great weight of Lombardi's presence had so asserted itself that hardened veterans could not believe the yessirs and noirs that were pouring out of their mouths. "I expect if he came into my room right now," said one, "and told me to pack my bags I'd just smile and say, 'Yessir, thank you, sir.'" By the end of the first week two star players, Pat Richter and Charley Taylor, were practicing with broken bones. But then, at Green Bay, Lew Carpenter once played four games with a broken hand.

Flankerback Bobby Mitchell, more mature in the game at 34 and able to make meaningful comparisons, saw it all as the dawning of the Age of Lombardi: a classic interlude for Washington; the famous coachcast in the role of a personal conservator who had come to save them from terrible embarrassments (mostly losses to Philadelphia and the New York Giants), and, like Jupiter hidden all those years in the cave, it was now up to Mitchell and others who had suffered longest to come out and claim

their right to heaven—namely, the Eastern Conference championship. Mitchell said he remembered heaven from having been there a long time ago with the Cleveland Browns, and he had not forgotten the way.

"It is a matter of belief," he said. "You believe in the man. It was the same with Paul Brown. You knew in advance to accept his discipline, you wavered his discipline. I didn't realize until later that the things I thought Paul Brown was doing to me he was actually doing for me. A player needs discipline so that he doesn't cheat. He will cheat if he can get away with it. I've cheated, every player has, and you hate yourself for doing it, for dogging it on a pass pattern when you know you're not going to get the ball or sloughing off a block. You won't cheat with Mr. Lombardi be-





LIKE AN ALLIGATOR ABOUT TO GRASP A VICTIM, LOMBARDI SOUNDS OFF. TO HIS PLAYERS HE'S "A COACH WHO COMMUNICATES"

cause you know you'll be out, and you know he'll be right.

"For a black player, it's the knowledge that you will be treated the same. When Bobby Mitchell makes his cut at 13 yards instead of 14 and gets yelled at by Coach Lombardi, Bobby Mitchell knows that Jerry Smith will be yelled at, too, if he makes the same mistake. The other black players know it."

Although the Redskins will doubtless scalp a number of opponents this season, Lombardi's first scalping party was directed at his own team. "Mr. Lombardi does not like long hair," Bobby Mitchell said. "He told Jerry Smith [who is white] he could not see how he could catch a ball with all that hair in his face, and the very next day Jerry got a haircut. The word got around. The week before camp opened all the players with

those far-out Afros were crammed into the Ashby brothers' barbershop getting their hair chopped off. You've never seen so much hair on the floor. *Conservative Afros* were suddenly the style. The Ashby brothers never had so much business."

"Mister Lombardi told us at Georgetown, 'Fellows, we will win. You believe that.' We never believed it before. We were conditioned to losing. He told us again last night. It is something we need to hear over and over. If he were a loser maybe the things he says would sound corny, but you know he's no loser. You believe it when he says it."

Nowhere was the impact of Vince Lombardi more profoundly felt—if the evidence is correct—than it was on the person of 35-year-old Christian Adolph (Sonny) Jurgensen III, the quarterback

Lombardi inherited when he took the Redskins job. It is important to examine that particular impact, because it is most vital to the success of the Redskins. Football is a coach's game, more a coach's game than any other. But as Lombardi used to tell Bart Starr, and is now telling Sonny Jurgensen, the quarterback is the coach's extension on the field.

The two, Lombardi and Jurgensen (see cover), are as unmatched a pair of seraphim as you will ever see. Lombardi is an uncomplicated man of carefully developed tastes and incredible organization. One thing he said he saw—and corrected—right away in the Redskin front office was the absence of organization. Lombardi, by nature, comes prepared for all contingencies. In packing for Carlisle he included a Catholic

continued

missal, a large volume of synonyms, a case of tape-recorded golf tips from Julius Boros and an ample supply of T-bulac, a stomach soother. By arrangement, he also brought in a priest to conduct daily Mass for him and the team. Lombardi is an obdurate, driving, outrageously successful man and, for all that, a very shy one. Sonny Jurgensen, in capsule, is the perfect antidote for most of those things.

Almost every fan remembers Sonny from past adventures: orange hair, puckish good humor, saloonkeeper's profile, a reputation for being the best natural passer in the NFL and, at the same time, one of its more active epicureans. Sonny would seem at a glance to be as relaxed as Lombardi is rigid and as irreverent as Lombardi is proper.

Allowed to have its way by the owner, the Jurgensen potbelly was long a substantive part of his image. When anyone with an eye on that bulge jokingly referred to his "delicate condition," Sonny replied, "You pass with your arm, not your stomach."

Stones about flip, funny Sonny have always been lavishly garnished. Girls were supposed to be a cinch for Sonny Jurgensen. In all of Washington only Adam Clayton Powell was believed to set more hearts aflutter. Speed was big in Sonny Jurgensen's world, too—on his motorcycle or in his \$6,000 Mercedes-Benz. And when a tire went flat he was said to be the first to grab the instruction booklet while his friends wrestled with the jack.

Naturally Jurgensen resented the exaggerations—"you have one drink and 10 people see you, and it gets around that you had 10 drinks"—but he did not make a serious effort to change because it was a mostly harmless reputation, and he really did have this fondness for Scotch. Until his second marriage, and the birth of a son he hates to leave, he did not think in terms of limiting himself.

The Jurgensen everybody loves is captured in this episode. On the plane ride home after last year's opening-game victory over the Bears in Chicago, Jurgensen stationed himself in the back with a teammate and a columnist for the Washington *Star*, Morris Siegel. Coach Otto Graham came down the aisle to congratulate him (Jurgensen had had one of his brilliant days) and to inquire about his passing arm, which had been op-

erated on in May and had been paining him.

"Hurts like hell," said Sonny.
"Well, what do you think you should do about it?" asked Graham soothingly.
"I guess I'll have to drink with my left hand," said Sonny.

It is only the bright side of the Jurgensen moon that you see. There is a dark side. Last winter on a trip to Grand Bahama Island with his wife, the dark side of Sonny Jurgensen lay on the white-sand beach and considered his past and his future. "I saw myself as a man who had applied himself diligently to professional football for 12 years," he said, "and never really got the most out of it. I saw them as frustrating years. I was up to here with records. What did they mean? Nothing. One year I threw 508 passes. One year I threw 32 touchdown passes. But we never won anything."

"It seemed all I could look forward to year after year was drop back and throw, drop back and throw, much of the time in sheer fright, but usually because there was no other way. Not winning, just throwing. I always felt I had my back to the wall. It was always second and eight. We were always disorganized. We were always making up plays in the huddle."

"I can recite to you now what Coach Lombardi says about that. 'You come off the field and the first thing you ask yourself is: Did we win? If you can say yes, then you can think about your individual accomplishments.' And I certainly see the logic in that. I wanted to win so bad. I didn't want to throw 40 touchdown passes a year and lose. I wanted to throw 10 and win."

Jurgensen said when he talked it all out he had, privately, decided to quit this year. "We talked about other goals I could pursue—I had a television show and was in business, and there were other things. They had become as exciting to me as anything else. It had become a drudgery to go to camp, a drudgery because you knew you were going in the wrong direction. I didn't say anything, but I had made up my mind I would quit. Then the word came about Mister Lombardi."

The first thing Jurgensen did when he heard the news was call Paul Hornung long distance. Hornung had been a favorite of Lombardi's at Green Bay, one of his biggest stars, but he was more

than that to Jurgensen. He was a kindred spirit. If anything, Hornung had been an even more relentless pleasure-seeker than Jurgensen.

"Paul said, 'Sonny, don't worry about a thing. You'll love him. Forget everything else you've ever heard. You'll love Vince Lombardi. He'll be fair, and it'll be a whole new deal for you. Look, I played for him, didn't I?'"

Jurgensen and Lombardi got together for the first time last February. "We met in his office, and the first thing he said was, 'Sonny, I want just one thing from you. I want you to be yourself. I'm not interested in all the rest. I just want you to be yourself.' Wasn't that a great thing to say to a guy? He was telling me he had heard the stories and that it didn't matter. He knew I wasn't Burt Starr and that I didn't want to be. He was man to man with me from the start."

"I can't tell you how good I felt. I know now I've always wanted to play for a coach like him. I wish it had happened long ago, when I had my career in front of me. I felt—well, I felt I'd been playing under a handicap, a crutch for 12 years. I loved talking football with him. Such knowledge. I've played the game all my life. I'm a student of it, and I can tell right now he's the best."

In June, Lombardi invited Sonny and a number of other Redskins to a four-day meeting at Georgetown. "I'd never had anything like it," Sonny says. "His passing game amazes me, the science of it. The consistency of it. It doesn't matter who the quarterback is, it is always the same. Every team I've ever been on, when a new quarterback went in the character of the game always changed. He doesn't leave anything to chance. You're never surprised with Mister Lombardi. Hell, I've been surprised every week in the past. You never force the action with Lombardi, you do what the defense shows you to do, allows you to do. I remember so many times having to force the play, throwing to Bobby Mitchell when I knew he was double-covered. With Lombardi you pick your spots. Every coach tries to, but with Lombardi you know exactly what spot to pick. He promised me more second-and-two situations this year. It won't be second and eight all the time."

"I knew, after those four days, that I wasn't on my own anymore. That I wouldn't have my back to the wall all the time. That we'd be a team. In 1967

What a good time for a Kent.





**"People like talking to me.
I keep them from standing in line."**

"A lot of passengers don't really know what I do.

Of course, businessmen come right up to me for directions and the latest flight information, but not the people who don't fly very often.

They see me in front of the American Airlines ticket counter and figure me for a stewardess.

So I go up to them. Kind of bail them out from the confusion of being in a strange place.

You know, at American, there's hardly any reason to stand in line anymore. So I can usually save them some trouble. Women are especially appreciative.

I know. I remember how I felt the first time I took a trip."

Carol Tate. A ground hostess in our Dallas terminal. If you're ever in the neighborhood, talk to her. See if she isn't the kind of person you'd hire. A person who does a good job because she wants to be good at her job. That's professionalism. That's the American Way.

Fly the American Way. American Airlines.

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.



The luck of the Scotch.

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So smooth—world's best selling Scotch

we lost six games, most of them on mental errors in the last minutes, all close games, and we could have won the championship. This won't happen with Mister Lombardi. We'll be a team I don't know of anybody else who could do it—nobody could. And something else I know: there'll only be one consolation on the field running things.

"For the first time in a long time I was excited about football. I honestly could hardly wait to get to camp."

The changes in Jurgensen are visible to everybody. A friend points out that even in private conversation he almost always refers to Lombardi as Mister. "Isn't Mister his first name?" says Jurgensen with a grin.

When Jurgensen reported to Carlisle for practice this month his mattonchop sideburns were down to nothing. His hair was shorter. And something else was missing. Something else was obviously missing. Bob Pellegrini, a former teammate, saw it immediately. "Hey, Sonny," he yelled, "what the hell happened to your gut?" Jurgensen was practically shirtless.

Vince Lombardi talked of the Jurgensen phenomenon the next day and said he was not surprised by it. He said from the beginning he had found Jurgensen to be of superior intelligence, of superior ability, and there was no reason to expect otherwise. And then Lombardi said, "The thing about Jurgensen is that he always wanted to win so fiercely. All the great ones have that. Sonny Jurgensen can throw a football as well or better than anyone, but he has not won. He has missed out on that glory, and that is something all the great ones have: the hunger for glory. Honoring had it. Inside the 20, Paul Hornung was the greatest player around. Taylor had it. Y. A. Tittle had it. Bart Starr, in his quiet, unassuming way, he has the hunger."

"And Jurgensen has it, too, but there has been no glory, so he has compensated. He has signed his name to articles about booze and broads. He has done things he might not otherwise have done. They were emphasized, the bad things, because the good had gone unnoticed. The good had gone unrewarded."

It remains to be seen, of course, whether there will be a reward this year for Jurgensen and the Redskins. Lombardi himself says too much has been expected of



TOUGH BLEEDING IN THE SUMMER MAY OPEN THE WAY FOR TOUCHDOWNS IN THE FALL

them. He has looked at the movies and he has seen his players, and he knows some are lacking, but he does not yet know how much. "Movies don't tell you the pressure a man is under," he said. "How much he has absorbed, how far you can push him. Movies tell you the strengths but seldom show the weaknesses."

He said the pressure to win in Washington has been great, that he has tried to tell people he does not really walk on water, but they have not listened. He also knows that he imposed that pressure on himself by coming out of the hermetically sealed booth he made for himself in Green Bay, back into the coaching that he found he missed so much. And that if he has to listen to voices, they might as well be his own.

At the end of that first day in Carlisle, sitting with coaches and some of the writers from Washington at a little house across the street from Dickinson College, Lombardi suddenly held up his arm to reveal a copper bracelet. "Ever seen one of these things before?" he said. No one had. "It's my voodoo bracelet," he said. "It prevents joint diseases—you know, bursitis, neuritis, arthritis. I had some bursitis in my left hip. I'd been taking cortisone. Very painful, cortisone. I got one of these bracelets from a doctor in New York. For two months I haven't felt a twinge. Not one."

"Actually thousands of people wear them," he said, "but they don't work for everyone."

He grinned.

"You have to be a believer."

END

CHUCK HOLES

FALLEN ROCKS

BUMP
150 YARDS

?

DETOUR

TREE BRANCH

TAR PATCHING

WILDLIFE

RACCOON

LITTER

ROUGH ROAD!

LADRE CROSSING

STOP

Funny roads like this can really break your tires up.

The new Sears fiber glass belted Wide Guard Tire. Tough enough to take a beating and still give you twice as many country miles as conventional new car tires.

Sometimes taking the scenic route can keep you on the scene a lot longer than you'd expected. Things like pot holes and sharp rocks might break your tires up. But you certainly won't think it funny.

That's why you need the

new Sears Wide Guard fiber glass belted tire. It has two strong fiber glass belts that run around the tire under the tread. With tough cords to reinforce the sidewalls. The new Sears Wide Guard is more than twice as strong as ordinary new car tires.

Made to hit the road.

Off the beaten path the new Sears Wide Guard Tires can hardly be beat. The fiber glass belts make this tire more resistant to impact damage. Cut down on tire squirm. And keep

the tread flat on the road to give you better traction. All this, plus more than twice the mileage of conventional new car tires. The fiber glass belts make all the difference.

Depending on size the new Sears Wide Guard tire sells for \$29.97 to \$50.89 with old tire, F.E.T. included. And at Sears, Roebuck and Co., the advertised price is the selling price.

Get a set of Wide Guards and head for the hills. They'll give you a real driving urge.

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If tire with original tread fails from road hazards or defects we will exchange it for a new one at no charge during the first 20 months (charging only for tread worn after this period). Charge will be pro rata share of then current regular selling price plus F.E.T.

If original tread wears off before 40 months we will exchange the tire for a new one (charging then current regular selling price plus F.E.T. less 25%).

Real punctures repaired at no charge.

Sears
ALLIANCE



Sears wants you safe.

A JOG-IN FOR DEAR LIFE



Dr. Denton Cooley, who would rather save a heart than transplant one, blows the starter's whistle as famous fatty Judge Roy Hofheinz gets set to race Houston Mayor Louie Welch in the Astrodome at 6 a.m. Some 10 million Americans—including the author—jog regularly for fun and fitness **by TEX MAULE**

Not long ago on his home turf at the Astrodome, Judge Roy Hofheinz, carrying topweight of 230 pounds, lost a race to Louie Welch, the mayor of Houston. It was Hofheinz's first defeat in three races with the mayor, and the outcome delighted the thousands of Houstonians who looked on.

The race was unusual not only because the judge—who owns half of Ring-

ling Bros and Barnum & Bailey, all of Astroworld and the Houston Astros, as well as baseball's most majestic paunch—lost. Hofheinz's previous races with the mayor had been political. This one was from home plate to first base and was the feature event of what may well have been the world's first, but probably not last, Jog-In, an extravaganza promoted by Disc Jockeys Mack Hud-

son and Irving Harnigan of KILT, Houston, in which 6,300 people, most of them clad in sweat suits and running shoes, showed up at 6 a.m. to trot three times around the inside of the Astrodome in support of jogging.

Dr. Denton Cooley, who has transplanted more hearts than any other surgeon in the world, was on hand to start the race and to accept the gifts of vari-

ous vital organs for The Living Bank. (The organs, of course, were for future delivery.) Hudson and Harrigan handed out free sweat shirts, but the lure that drew the crowd was jogging itself. The sight of Hofheinz trundling down the first-base line, clad in a gray sweat suit with HARK COME DA JUDGE lettered on the chest and DEKE GO DA JUDGE on the back, was merely an added attraction, as were young ladies in bikinis who served as pacemakers, and two penguins from Sea-Arama Marineworld, who served no evident purpose.

The Houston Jog-In was evidence of the booming popularity of jogging in the U.S. Fifteen years ago a few solitary eccentrics jogged. Today there are more than 10 million joggers. No longer do small children run alongside making faces and snide remarks, and dogs bark only perfunctorily at the previously extremely barkable spectacle of middle-aged men lumbering down the road.

Just a couple of weeks after the Jog-In, the Long Beach Community Hospital sponsored a mass Witness to Fitness meet to celebrate the dedication of 34 jogging trails situated on the grounds of 14 public parks, three high schools and 13 junior highs.

As at Houston, the affair took place early in the morning—a time when joggers habitually emerge. At 8 a.m. 500 joggers, myself among them, showed up at a running track on the campus of California State at Long Beach to bear witness to their fitness. I have been running seriously for a year, after running haphazardly for four or five. In my travels I have run all over the country, and I may well hold the world indoor record for having run on the greatest number of YMCA tracks, but this morning I only watched.

Of the 500 joggers some 60-odd were doctors, all adherents of the theory that running maketh a whole man. One of the doctors was Dr. Kenneth Cooper, A lieutenant colonel in charge of the Air Force fitness program. Dr. Cooper has probably had more to do with the jogging boom than anyone else.

Dr. Cooper is a lean man. Most people feel they are in the trim if their bellies don't dangle more than a finger span or two over their belts. If you are lean in the sense that Dr. Cooper means when

he says lean, you can't pick up more than half an inch of skin between your thumb and forefinger at the waist. Indeed, Dr. Cooper looks almost emaciated; there is so little fat between his skin and muscle that he would be hard put to punch himself at all. Dr. Cooper ran the mile in 4:30.9 at Putnam City High in Oklahoma City. At the University of Oklahoma he brought his time down to 4:18, which he might easily have bettered had he not been intent on his pruned studies.

Dr. Cooper is best known for his book *Aerobics*, which has sold almost two million copies in hard-cover and paperback. In it he analyzes the problems facing the fat and sedentary, and describes simple tests to determine a person's physical well-being.

When I first read *Aerobics* I had just recovered from a heart attack. I had been running sporadically before the heart attack, kidding myself into believing that the minimal exercise I took was enough to keep me hale and hearty. It was, as it turned out, better than no exercise at all. As I was walking out of my apartment one morning, I felt a numbing, constricting and acute pain across the top of my chest. I lay down and asked my wife to call the doctor.

I survived—barely. My doctor told me later that I might well not have lived had I not been running off and on. In my youth I had been an athlete—a swimming champion, a strong-side end at the University of Texas, catcher on the flying trapeze. Before my heart attack I had run and built up my heart, which is a muscle like any other muscle. If I hadn't strengthened my heart, it would have been unable to survive the physical damage of the attack. It did, and when I finally got out of the hospital I wanted to run again to restore my heart, as nearly as possible, to normal function.

Physically, that's no problem. All you have to do is place one foot in front of another long enough, with discretion and under the direction of your doctor. Psychologically, it's another matter.

Until very recently most people didn't look with equanimity at joggers. Not long ago, for example, in Bournemouth, England, a jogger, clad in the usual costume of shorts, singlet and shoes, was padding serenely along when a driver

leaned out his window and jeered. The jogger retorted, "Knackers?" Now knackers in the U.S. means only a type of short britches gathered at the knee; in England it is a pejorative comment on manhood, and the driver took exception to this. He attacked the jogger, broke his nose. The driver got a three-month sentence.

I have experienced the same antisocial behavior, which is one reason I prefer to run indoors, safe from the envy of the sedentary. A few times I have been forced to run in public, and always to my regret. The YMCAs have espoused jogging wholeheartedly, and most of them have little indoor running tracks, 20 to 30 laps to the mile. Once, however, when I was staying at a motel near the Los Angeles International Airport, I visited a Y that didn't have an indoor track. Instead, the Y provided maps of the neighborhood.

"When you leave the Y, run north on Sepulveda to 83rd Street," the athletic director told me. "Turn right on 83rd and run to Kempton Boulevard, turn right and run to 80th, then turn right again and run back to the Y."

Feeling a bit conspicuous in my red nylon running pants and blue shoes, I set out down Sepulveda, running a bit faster than is my wont. Two young ladies passed me and one of them said, respectfully, "Good morning, sir."

"Aargh," I said, calmly.

"The church is on the next corner to your left," said the other, mysteriously. They were, of course, on bicycles.

After reading Dr. Cooper's book, I began running timidly. I had already read another book, *Jogging*, by Bill Bowman, the track coach at the University of Oregon, who developed some of America's finest distance runners. Bowman, a man of my own age (middle 50s), had discovered his lack of fitness on a trip to New Zealand, where he went to consult Arthur Lydiard, who trained Peter Snell, among others.

"Lydiard asked me if I would like to go out with him for an early run," Bowman told me. "I went out and began trotting for a while and trotted and trotted and trotted. I thought I was in good shape, but we went by six miles and my tongue was hanging out, and then we hit the hills. By now I was barely walk-

continued

ing, and an 80-year-old man came by me and said, 'Come on, laddie, you're flagging.'"

When Bowerman returned to the States, he began his own jogging program and, in collaboration with Dr. Waldo Harris, wrote his book on the subject. But not until *Aerobics* was published did jogging take off.

Dr. Cooper's office, at Lackland Air Force Base, is tiny. Cooper, who is 38, is himself a small, intense man and, fittingly enough, he lives on Inspiration Drive in San Antonio. He runs three miles every morning and another 1½ miles in the evening when he comes home to his wife Millie, a lovely brunette who is almost as lean as her husband.

"I was getting fat," Millie said recently. "I didn't take any exercise. I thought Ken was a nut. Then, after he wrote the book, he looked at me one night, and I guess there was a lot of me to look at. 'Millie,' he said, 'I can't afford to have a fat wife. You better start losing or looking.'"

However, Millie didn't take her husband's advice until a bit later. "Another night we were sitting in front of the fireplace and Ken asked me to take his pulse," she says. "I took it and his heart was beating at something like 55 beats a minute. Then he took mine and mine was going 80 beats a minute. So he said, 'Millie, tonight while we're asleep, your heart is going to be working more than a third faster than mine and wearing out a third faster. How do you like that? When yours is worn out, mine will still be going strong.' I got to thinking, and I thought about some other girl coming in and taking over when my heart wore out, and I'm a very jealous woman. I started running the next day."

Millie runs 1½ miles a day, and Dr. Cooper runs with her. Mind you, this is after having run his three miles in the morning. And he has another small handicap. Dr. Cooper pushes Berkley, their 3-year-old daughter, in front of him in a stroller up and down Inspiration Hill as he paces his wife. "I can't fall behind," he says. "Berkley doesn't like it."

Despite the euphoria of joggers, this is not the easiest way to keep fit. It is not as pleasant, say, as playing golf or tennis or badminton. But golf, tennis and badminton are not really as taxing as jogging, in the sense that they fail to

tax the cardiovascular system enough to make it respond and grow stronger. "Golf," someone once said, "is a good way to spoil a walk." True, at least if you are walking for exercise.

There is a narrow, difficult line to walk—or run—between exercise and nonexercise. After my heart attack I had a particularly difficult margin of error to respect. Most doctors are unaware of the real benefits of exercise, and it was not long ago that a large proportion of postcardiac patients were considered invalids. Any exercise by a heart patient must be taken under the rigorous control of his doctor, whether or not the doctor appreciates the value of running. For instance, I started by walking a block before I ran a step.

Probably the two foremost experts on the rehabilitation of heart patients by exercise are Drs. Herman Hellerstein of Western Reserve University in Cleveland and Viktor Gotheimer of Tel Aviv. In the course of a recent panel discussion, Dr. Hellerstein—who is no fan of Dr. Cooper—said, "I think competitive running is perfectly fine if the competitors have been properly evaluated, properly trained, properly supervised. All of life is competitive, and I am for it. . . . I think it enhances survival, but it has to be done under the proper conditions. . . . I am not for the indiscriminate, unsupervised, unmonitored, self-prescribed competitive jogging, and you see pictures in every newspaper of Ken Cooper leading a pack of rats running down the public squares. None of these people have been evaluated. I am against that, and I have told Dr. Cooper this directly. . . . In the way of all flesh, it is not how far you go but how fast you try to get there—not too fast, not too slow, just right. Now this philosophy, applied to doctors, patients, businessmen, lawyers, what have you, would be good."

Dr. Cooper, of course, has never prescribed indeterminate, all-out exercise. "The worst thing you can do is force yourself too hard," he says. "No man who has been sitting still for 20 years can go out and run hard. You have to start very easily. You should warm up for five or 10 minutes before you run and cool down for at least as long when you finish. There have not been many fatalities from running, but the few there have been have all come—more or less—from the same things. An uncondi-

tioned man goes out and runs hard or he runs without a warmup and finishes and walks over to his car—without walking a while to cool down—and sits down behind the wheel. When you run hard for a long while, something like 60% of your blood pools in your legs. If you quit running all at once and sit down, it remains in your legs, and it is almost impossible for that blood to get back to the heart and brain. Because you are suffering from a deficiency of blood in the brain, you may faint. If you are standing up on a flat surface and faint, you fall down and the blood can get back to your brain without fighting gravity, so you come to rather quickly. If you walk over to your car and sit down behind the wheel and faint, the wheel holds you upright and the blood cannot get back to your brain or your heart and you can die. The autopsy won't show any heart damage, but you can die."

Most people are perfectly well aware of the dangers involved in too enthusiastic exercise too soon. One of the advantages of jogging as an exercise is that it is perfectly adaptable to the needs of the individual. If you are only days out of a wheelchair, you can walk slowly. If you are strong enough, you can do what Fred Grace, a small, gnome-like man with an old face and a young body, did in Long Beach at the Witness to Fitness meet.

Grace is 72 years old. On that bright, hot Saturday morning in Long Beach he ran nine miles with a long, reaching stride, finishing fresh and untired and not breathing any harder than most people would if they had walked to the corner drugstore. Nine miles was merely a canter for Grace. A year ago he ran 100 miles in three days. He began running seriously six years ago, when he was 65 and forced out of judo competition because he was considered too old for such strenuous exercise.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Varela ran at Long Beach, too. Jim Varela is a construction engineer from Tustin, Calif. He is 47 and his wife is 45, and they have six children, ranging in age up to 19. They celebrated their 20th anniversary by running 20 miles together. Isa Varela is, by any standards, an unusual woman, but women are as indefatigable as men as far as jogging is concerned. A young lady named Super Sue Bailey, out of Canton, Ohio, is a legend among joggers. She runs up to 20 miles a day and has

done 36 miles nonstop. The Canton YMCA runners recently set a record by jogging 3,000 miles in 4½ days. Super Sue contributed the third-highest total, 208 miles.

Although there is no medical proof that jogging—or any other regular exercise which taxes the cardiovascular system enough to create what Dr. Cooper calls the training effect—will prevent a heart attack or recurrent heart attacks in postcardiac victims, the records of Drs. Hellerstein and Gottheimer would certainly indicate that, at least for postcardiac patients, running can cut down on mortality.

"In cases of heart attack," Dr. Cooper explains, "about 14% of all victims die before getting to the hospital. Another 19% die within the first four weeks. Of the survivors, 20 to 25 in 100 usually die of another heart attack within five years."

Not, however, the postcardiac patients under the care of Drs. Hellerstein and Gottheimer. "Dr. Hellerstein has by carefully supervised exercise cut the death rate from 25 in 100 to fewer than 10 in 100," Dr. Cooper says. "Dr. Gottheimer, who gradually brings his patients up to running as many as six miles a day, has done even better than that. He reports their mortality rate has fallen to fewer than five per 100 within five years, or five times less than patients who do not exercise hard."

I first heard about the benefits of running from Seymour Lieberman, a Houston attorney. Lieberman, who started his personal running program and his public espousal of jogging some 15 years ago, has been given a certificate by the International Council of Sport and Physical Education acknowledging that he is the founder of the jogging movement. I met Lieberman in a Chicago hotel room eight years ago, when he spent an hour jogging around the room, talking the while, trying to convince a representative of President Kennedy's Council on Youth Fitness that jogging was the answer to almost all physical ills.

Lieberman, who is now 61 years old, was a sprinter at Chicago's Loyola University and as a high school senior tied the then world record (5.2) for the 50-yard dash. When he graduated from Loyola he became a competitive walker, once finishing third in the National AAU two-mile walk. At 36, his law practice began to take up more and more of his time,

and he quit exercising, except for an occasional round of golf.

"By the time I had reached 45, I was 15 pounds over my 117 weight," he told me the other day. "Every day I would read in the paper about a friend dying of a heart attack or a stroke—all men about my own age. I tried to figure out what to do to get myself back in condition, and I took three months to analyze the problem. I came to the conclusion that running was the answer. If a heavyweight fighter is training to go 15 rounds, he runs five miles a day for endurance and condition. The work in the gym is just to sharpen his coordination and his punching. I figured that slow running was the best way to put the body in good shape, so I started running. I went to my doctor every week for a checkup while I was doing it, because at that time—back in 1953—no one my age was running."

After six months of jogging, Lieberman found that he had a slower pulse rate, his heart returned to normal much more quickly after exercise and he no longer had a sacroiliac pain in his back.

Said Lieberman: "I came to the conclusion that I had been carrying four or five extra inches of fat on my belly, which threw me out of balance and put an unnatural strain on my back. I would twist my torso while I was jogging, and that way I lost the extra inches. I wear the same riding pants today that I wore 27 years ago, and they fit perfectly."

On his 60th birthday Lieberman got up early and ran three miles along the beach at Galveston. He then played 18 holes of golf, went home, drank some honey and lemon juice, rested an hour and swam a mile in the Gulf. He dressed, drank some more honey and lemon juice and rode 10 miles on horseback.

Four years ago Lieberman caught pneumonia, but he didn't let it interrupt his exercise. Lieberman believes strongly in jogging in place in his room if he can't find a suitable spot to run outdoors, and during the three weeks he was confined with temperatures up to 102°, Lieberman ran.

"My doctor was dubious about it," he said, "but I got out of bed and jogged in place for five minutes every day. When I got up again at the end of the three weeks I was ready to go instead of having to convalesce for another three weeks, as is usually the case after pneumonia."

Of course, no doctor in his right mind would recommend such heroics for the average patient. The watchword among most physicians who advocate gentle jogging is, "Take it easy." As Dr. Cooper says, "If you feel any pain in your chest or you are out of breath, walk or stop. Don't force yourself."

My own jogging pace is a rather leisurely one, although in the past year I have managed to reduce my time for three miles to 25½ minutes, the same time it took me to cover two miles when I began running. In the beginning I didn't run all the way. I ran until I was out of breath, then walked a while and ran again, increasing the running and cutting down on the walking until now I can run the entire three miles easily.

As time goes by, the jogger develops a certain *sangfroid*, too, so that he can ignore the stares of people in the street, even return them with a scornful eye. I suppose I reached the apogee of poise in the Astrodome a month or so before the Jog-In. I was in Houston for an indoor track meet the judge was putting on. He had spent some \$60,000 for a giant indoor track—the biggest in the world, naturally. It was five laps to the mile and on the first morning of the meet I got up at dawn to put in my three miles, hoping that none of the athletes would be on hand so early.

Unfortunately, there were morning heats that day and the track was crowded. I padded around it for six laps while younger men sailed by me at something like three times my speed, looking back in shock as they passed. Probably no distance field in the history of track ever went into an event as overconfident as the field in the Astrodome that night.

The next morning there were no heats, so I had the track to myself—for a little while. After I had gone 1½ miles one of the tours that come through the Astrodome at hour intervals all day filed in and sat down. There were about 200 people in the group, including kids, and they sat solemnly and watched as I labored around the oval. I tried to be nonchalant, and I waved as I went by. No one waved back. They sat quietly for the 10 or 12 minutes it took me to finish my stint, then, to my surprise, gently applauded as I sprinted down the final straight at a pace a bit faster than a brisk walk.

It made running easier for me for at least a week.

AND

HIGH ABOVE THE LAND OF LIGHT

by ROBERT CANTWELL

The legends of Nuristan and the Hindu Kush mountains are as tall and as numerous as the peaks themselves. Last summer a party of American amateurs wrote a new chapter by putting the whole team on 20,300-foot Koh-i-Tundi

High mountains are not far from big cities in Afghanistan. It is only 203 miles from downtown Kabul, the capital, to the highest peaks of the Hindu Kush in Nuristan—200 miles across country and three miles straight up. The Hindu Kush is that enormous western extension of the Himalayas that slices across Afghanistan and which for ages blocked the tribes of central Asia from India. Nuristan is a legendary region so secluded by the mountains as to be almost a geographical secret (try to find it in your atlas)—a land of little emerald-green valleys hemmed in by 18,000- to 20,000-foot peaks, inhabited by a fair-skinned people of mysterious antecedents. It sometimes is called the Land of Light. Afghanistan is the worst-mapped country on earth, and Nuristan is the worst-mapped part of Afghanistan.

Consequently the area exerts a magnetic pull on mountaineers. The Hindu Kush appeals particularly to seasoned vacationclimbers, people who have spent a good deal of time in the Alps and the Rockies but who have never achieved

the mystic goal of modern mountaineers—to get above 20,000 feet—and who cannot organize the long and costly expeditions required for the Himalayas. In 1967 a Stockton, Calif. attorney, Jack Dozier, led one party to the northern edge of Nuristan, about 50 miles south of the Soviet Union. They were stopped by a sheer 400-foot wall on the north face of Koh-i-Tundi (20,300 feet) and had to turn back. But the enchantment of the country and their astonishment when they were told that they were the first foreigners to thread through the hidden valleys on the way provided an irresistible enticement to try again. Last summer they did so, this time aiming for a higher peak, Koh-i-Marchek, 21,800 feet, not far from Koh-i-Tundi.

In all this they were acting according to the pattern of climbing in the Hindu Kush. Only amateurs know the region. As *Mountain World* put it tactfully, "With few exceptions, the explorations of these mountains have been the work of mountaineers who never had a chance of being invited to take part in a Himalaya climb."

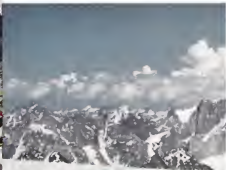
The second party that assembled in Kabul in July included Jack Dozier, 53, and his twin brother, Judge William Dozier of the California Superior Court; Eli Goldfarb, a 43-year-old electronics engineer; Charles Groesbeck, 36, a philosophy professor; and Leslie Buckland, 40, the

continued



Almost as awesome as the Himalayas, the Hindu Kush borders four countries (map, left). On the way to the climb the party was charmed by the ornate tracks of Kabul, bearded traders and a guard who wore a no-nonsense look and carried an old Enfield rifle. When the Kusun River washed out the road, climbers abandoned cars for donkeys and backpacked through the unmapped valley to set up camp from which to reconnoiter.





LAND OF LIGHT *continued*

head of a movie company. There were six younger climbers in their 20s and 30s: Jack Dozier's son Jeff; Perry Mann, a ski patrolman with the U.S. Forest Service; Richard Erb, a geology student; Mike Wadley, a cameraman; and Gary Hill, a court reporter. No rigorous standard of selectivity governed the composition of the group. If they were unaided in anything it was in their common hope of getting above 20,000 feet—"Once before I die," as one of them said—and by the fact that they had to be back at work in 30 days.

They hurried out of Kabul in rented cars, driving eastward along the Kabul River on the route Alexander the Great followed when he invaded India 2,295 years ago. At Jalalabad near the Pakistan border they left the highway to head north along the Kunar River on a narrow

continued

Front camp in the Shkhar-Gul Valley, Koh-i-Murghab was visible in the distance (top left). The worst snowiest cave at 14,000 feet, where climbers dodged flying boulders as they crossed gullies (left). At 18,200 feet (top) the party could see peaks in Pakistan. Snow spikes, like those at right, slowed their climb.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE H. BOCKLAND





road under sheer cliffs between 14,000-foot mountains. The Kunar forms high in the Hindu Kush in that little-known keystone of Asia where the borders of Afghanistan, China, Russia and Pakistan adjoin. The river surges down in continuous explosive rapids, carrying with it snow melt, rocks and occasional travelers. Two weeks before the Americans arrived the river carried off a bus loaded with 40 natives.

It also carried off the road. Five miles beyond the town of Asmar the mountaineers found a huge hole in the narrow shelf. For most of a day they lugged big stones and dropped them into the hole, only to see the river current roll them away like bowling balls. But they gradually got it filled. Exhausted but triumphant, they drove on—all of two miles. There the whole shelf had washed into the river. Nothing was left but a ledge on the cliff just wide enough to walk on.

A traveler came by, going the other way, from Kamdesh (pop. 700), one of the few big towns in Nuristan. They persuaded him to go back and return with porters and donkeys. When they started on again the supplies that had been carried in cars and trucks were carried by five porters and 16 donkeys and in 50-pound packs on the backs of the climbers.

For days they traveled along the Bashgal River that enters the Kunar from the west, through cedar forests, fields of wild marijuana, irrigated farmlands and rock-walled meadows, into parklike wild gardens of orchids, forget-me-nots, hollyhocks, apricot trees, mulberries, loganberries, walnuts, wild peach, wild lemon, wild almond, honeysuckles, roses and gooseberries.

The mountain heights of the Hindu Kush are not far below those of the Himalayas. The highest Hindu Kush peak, Tirich Mir, is 25,263 feet (Everest is 29,002) and there are three higher than 24,000 feet, six above 23,000 and, as one awed amateur climber wrote in *Mountain World*, "A multitude of 20,000-foot peaks all around the place." What makes the Hindu Kush easier than the Himalayas is the fine summer weather (70° temperatures, cool mountain breezes), clear blue skies and scenery, white cascades dropping from mountain walls, precipitous slopes rising 10,000 feet to blue-white glaciers on the 20,000 foot peaks.

The way led through a few villages, some with faint traces of recorded history. The climbers stopped to rearrange their packs and rest their blistered feet at Bragmat (also known as Barg-a-Metal, Barg-e-Metal, or, in the *Himalaya Journal*, as Bragmet), which Europeans first reached in 1883. In that year an extraordinary British civil servant named William Watts McNair shaved his head, darkened his skin with a weak solution of caustic soda and walnut juice and visited Nuristan posing as a

Muslim holy man. The region was then called Kafiristan, meaning land of unbelievers, and was strictly forbidden to foreigners. Since McNair had disobeyed orders he was publicly censured by the viceroy of India on his return, but privately praised by the viceroy for "one of the most adventurous journeys anyone could attempt."

That was probably true. No one ever conquered the natives. Even Tamerlane the Great, who slaughtered millions of Afghans elsewhere, was beaten by these warlike mountain people. Students long held that the natives were remnants of the original Aryan stock from Asia. Now the best scientific opinion is that nobody knows where they came from. Four years ago a party of German climbers was murdered by natives in the mountains, but the American climbers had no trouble beyond ceremonious bargaining with the porters over their pay of \$1.50 a day.

When they reached the village of Pachigram, Buckland noted in his diary, "This place looks like Chamonix." A 25-mile trail led up the valley of the Shkun-Gul, a beautiful little stream lined with an ancient irrigation system which, at 11,000 feet, produced fields of wheat and barley. Even at the head of the valley the intricate web of irrigation canals created grassy meadows where sheep and cattle grazed.

Here they could see Koh-i-Marchek. It soared almost a mile higher than the 17,000-foot peaks around it, rising straight up, too steep in places for snow to hold to its sides, immense needles rising from a sharp ridge. And here they faced a problem. They all wanted to get above 20,000 feet. Jeff Dozer and Richard Erb, who were better climbers than most of the party, went ahead to study Koh-i-Marchek. They came back with the report that there were thousands of feet of Class 5 climbing. "We will never get all of us up there," Erb said. "We'll be lucky if we get one rope."

That would mean only two of the party. And it could not be done in less than 10 days. In the discussion that followed it was argued that traditionally an expedition that got one rope on top was a success. But here everyone wanted to reach the summit. And most of the party had to get back to work. In the end they abandoned Koh-i-Marchek and hiked on 15 miles to try Koh-i-Tundi again. This time they chose a different route, by any route the mountain was over 20,000 feet and there was a chance everyone could make it.

Twelve days out of Kabul they were camped on a grassy meadow at the base of a mile-long scree slope leading to the glaciers of Koh-i-Tundi. Jeff Dozer and Dick Erb scouted ahead to locate the first base camp on the mountain. They sent back word for the others to start early the next morning because of a rockfall. No one got much sleep. The peak of Koh-i-Tundi rose 8,000 feet above their camp, its glaciers and snowfields shining in the starlight.

They were up at 5 o'clock, which turned out to be too late. The scree was solid and steep, and it was 10 minutes after 8 when they reached a gully down which stones bounded every minute or so. They came in a bombardment, from bullet-sized to great boulders. "We are here too late," Buckland noted in his diary. "The sun is melting the rocks out of the ice. We should have been in

continued

Like Buckland, 40 (left), reflects the determination of the party to put everyone on top. Twenty-four-year-old Perry Mann (top left) and 43-year-old Eli Goldfarb smile at the summit.

PRONOUNCE IT "TANKER-RAY"



*If this were an ordinary
gin, we would have put
it in an ordinary gin bottle.*
Charles Tanqueray

LAND OF LIGHT continued

this suicidal spot well before dawn."

They ran across the gully one at a time. A rock smashed the fourth finger of Judge Dozier's left hand; otherwise there were no injuries. But running across the gully, carrying their packs at 14,000 feet, left them exhausted. Climbing to the first base camp that Jeff Dozier and Erh had established was slow—three upward steps at a time was the average, three steps and heavy breathing for 30 seconds, three steps and stop, up and up, with thumping chests and headaches with the rhythm of pulsebeats. Spikes of snow (*verres penitentes*), strange and beautiful but hard to get through, studded the plateau. At 6 o'clock they pitched their tents at the base camp at 16,200 feet, brewed soup and stew and carried their headaches to bed.

The next day they again moved slowly upward, relaying their heavy move and sound equipment. Only the weather remained ideal, an unbelievable combination of hot sun and cold wind that eased the pain of climbing. At 5 o'clock, when the sun disappeared behind the summit, they began to freeze on the rocky ridge of the next camp at 18,200 feet.

At 4 the next morning, when they resumed the climb, the cold was intense; every movement was agony, and the lacing of boots and the making of tea required monumental effort. By 7:30 they were in sunlight. By noon they could see they were going to make it. Suddenly there was no more snow, no more height. One by one they stumbled to the summit, Judge Dozier crawling the last few feet on all fours. But they were all on the summit of Koh-i-Tundi at one time. "Mostly I am terribly dizzy," Buckland noted, "have a hell of a headache and feel that the last cone was anticlimactically easy."

They sat there for a few moments taking in the view, a 360° panorama of peaks in four countries. What was there left to do? They signed a statement to be left for later climbers. Judge Dozier interpreted it as a triumph. Although they had accepted a slightly less elevated destination, one that could be reached by all of them, they were, he wrote later, "the first expedition in history to put so many men on a 20,000-plus mountain. We sat there awhile and thought that we had done it. Then the moment was over and we started down." **END**



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This Coliseum could have used lions

**Upsets were few as the U.S. beat
Russia and the Commonwealth**

The legs move smoothly and easily. Through eight laps, two miles, they carry their man with the others, and then slowly, almost imperceptibly, start leaving them all behind. Two laps more and the legs are 15 yards ahead of the pack, another two and now it is 50 yards, and before the 10,000 meters are over it will be a full 100 yards. Through it all the man seems to move without effort, and when he finishes in an adequate time of 28:35.4 there is little hint that he is tired.

But it has been a hot night in Los Angeles, and this is the end of a long and demanding tour, 17 races in five weeks. In the stands Ron Clarke mutters, "This was my hardest outing of them all." He takes off his shirt and wrings it like a wet towel. Then he unlaces his shoes and looks at the bottoms, they are cracked, and now they will be thrown away. Finally he looks at his feet, at the blisters and the blood. "No race tomorrow," he says.

Over the years little has changed in Ron Clarke. There is the splash of gray hair over the right ear, but the body is still tight, like a ship's rigging, and the skin tanned. At the Orange County Invitational in mid-June Clarke was thinking out loud of making this his last tour. He is 32 years old, and Australia is a fair piece away. "I'm tired of traveling," he said then. "I want to spend more time with my family. This will be my final trip." Yet at the end of last week-end's U.S.-U.S.S.R.-British Commonwealth meet in the Coliseum he sounded much different when reminded of his promise. "Really?" he mused. "Did I

really say that? Oh, I'm enjoying it more now. I think I'll be back."

The meet itself was something of a lackluster affair. First it was a promotional flop, drawing only 30,000 people for both days, when twice that number had been hopefully anticipated. Artistically the meet was only average, indicative more of Post Olympic Year Let-down than rising nationalistic fervor. That the American men beat both the Russians and the Commonwealth meant little. One runner said simply, "No one's really very excited. It just doesn't mean that much."

The parade to the victory stand was a reunion of familiar faces, the Russians in their specialties—the hammer, the triple jump and javelin—and then, in larger numbers, the Americans. There was Bill Toomey in the decathlon and Bob Seagren in the pole vault and Willie Davenport in the 110-meter hurdles and Lee Evans in the 400 meters and, of course, John Carlos in both the 100 and 200 meters, each with good, but unspectacular, performances. Marty Liqueur came from behind to win an exciting 1,500-meter run, but there were only two genuine surprises, on Friday night from a half-mile with the name of Juris Luzins, a senior at Williams and Mary, and on Saturday from a precocious band of American girls who, after a decade of frustration, finally beat the Russians.

Luzins' victory in the 800 meters turned more heads, for all week everyone had talked only of Australia's Olympic champion, Ralph Doubell, and of New York University's (and, in international competition, Jamaica's) Byron Dye. Though Doubell had recently lost twice in Europe he still held the world record and he owned a finishing kick that had for two years beaten everyone. Dye had won the NCAA title with the third fastest half-mile ever run (1:45.9) and, the next week, the AAU championship, beating Luzins by a step. Luzins was, in fact, the only one who even hinted of the possible upset. "I'm not psyched out," he said the morning of the race. "Look, I know I'm going to have to run hard. But when you have so many guys within one second of each other, well, anything can happen. Anything. Even my winning." Perhaps a victory earlier in the week prompted this prophecy—Monday evening at a local

bar, Luzins had beaten Dye five out of six games in pinball bowling.

Friday night wasn't to be quite so easy, but when Luzins came off the final turn five yards ahead of the pack, with both Doubell and Dye boxed, he had few worries. Neither Doubell nor Dye offered excuses. "I wouldn't have won anyway," Doubell said. "I might have been a yard or two closer. But there was nothing left in me. I've traveled too much. I'm really surprised and happy I did even that well." Said Dye: "I just ran a stupid race."

While Doubell and Dye were fighting to get out of trouble, Luzins wondered just where they were. "I couldn't hear anyone coming down the straight," he said. "I just kept thinking *where* are they? Where's Dye?" I thought for sure they would come whipping by. It kept going back and forth in my mind, I'm going to win, I'm not going to win. I wasn't sure until I hit the tape."

Then Luzins stopped talking and looked up as his victory was announced. The name was mispronounced Looses instead of Loozins. "Does this happen often?" someone asked.

"Sure," he said. "Everyone's learned it a different way. It's really ridiculous."

"Well, maybe now they'll pronounce it correctly."

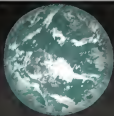
"Yeah, maybe," Luzins said, laughing. "Or maybe I ought to change it to something simple. Like John Smith."

For years the American girls have been nothing more than so many Jane Smiths to the Russians. Then Saturday afternoon they found themselves one point ahead going into the final event, the 1,600-meter relay. Dr. John Davis, their coach, called a quick meeting.

"Look, girls," he said, "just one thing. Don't drop the baton. We have the lead. All we have to do is win this race. We're fast enough. Just hang on to that baton." It was a strange speech to give a group that needed none. Said Jarvis Scott, who was to run the second leg, "We had all the incentive there was." Indeed they had, for they finished some 20 yards ahead of the second-place Russians.

"We really wanted this one," Davis said later. "We've waited 11 years for it. People have always looked at the Russians as the power in women's track. Now they will start looking towards us as well."

END



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THE HAPPY COUSINS who started it all are Guy Antonacci and Frank Lomagnino. Guy holds Lindy as Frank and Howard Bessinger accept the Futurity trophy from Milton Lewis.

Seven men on a Hambo horse

All seven men are brothers and cousins, all raised in Brooklyn by immigrant Italian parents. They were on the streets working on ice trucks before they were teen-agers, then on to garbage trucks when they were older and stronger. They struggled together for a long time. "I can remember when I couldn't buy a bottle of milk," said one of them, Frank Antonacci, in the paddock at Yonkers Raceway last Saturday night. "Not one of us was worth \$100."

Today, the men who once couldn't afford milk are paying \$12,000 a year to keep a horse. They own their own garbage removal companies instead of working on the trucks themselves. Now they can afford to turn down a \$300,000

deal for a horse, they can afford to entertain a party of 60 in the plush Empire Terrace at Yonkers and, as of last weekend, they can afford the luxury of thinking seriously about winning harness racing's No. 1 prize, The Hambletonian.

The men—Frank, Fred, Leo and Joseph Lomagnino and Guy, Frank and Thomas Antonacci—are the owners of Lindy Farms, Inc. of Lindenhurst, Long Island. Last Saturday night their colt, Lindy's Pride, won the \$100,000 Yonkers Futurity, the first race in trotting's Triple Crown. No sooner had Lindy's Pride trotted under the finish line than his owners and their families and friends were pouring out of the stands, laughing, crying, patting each other's cheeks

"The Hambletonian," said Guy Antonacci, "we're going to The Hambletonian. *Madonna Mia!*"

His victory at Yonkers certainly should move Lindy's Pride past his two main rivals, Gun Runner and Dayan, as The Hambletonian favorite. Gun Runner, who had taken over the role by beating both Dayan and Lindy's Pride two weeks ago, was scratched from last Saturday's race because, said 75-year-old Earle Avery, his disappointed driver and trainer, "I've got a sick horse." Gun Runner's temperature had soared to more than 104° late Saturday afternoon, the result of a virus that had been going around the stables. "Helluva time to get sick, isn't it?" said Avery.

The demise of Dayan was mostly caused by bad racing luck. His trainer-driver, Fred Bradbury, had beaten the virus by keeping Dayan 65 miles away at Goshen during the week. What Bradbury couldn't control, however, was the luck of the draw, which placed Dayan in the second tier of starters, while Lindy's Pride drew the No. 3 spot up front.

"It's ridiculous for one horse to start behind another," fretted Eric Kirstein, who with his father and the colt's breeder, Murray Tobin, owns Dayan in the name of Adonis Stable. "If we're in the front tier we go to the front and it's all over, but leaving from the second tier gives us a problem."

Young Kirstein attempted to offset this disadvantage by showing up in his luckiest mod ensemble: blue Edwardian jacket, red-white-blue scarf, white see-through body shirt, red-white-blue checkered bell-bottoms and white Gucci-style loafers. "I do all right for myself," he said. "Besides horses, I like clothes."

At the start of the race Dayan was behind and between a pair of fillies, Charmette Hanover and Flowing Speed. In the first turn Bradbury may have had a chance to steer Dayan between them and into the lead, but he didn't elect to try. Then Charmette broke stride with Dayan boxed in right behind, and suddenly Bradbury found everyone passing him. When Dayan himself broke stride turning for the half-mile mark, he dropped back to sixth place and was able to move up no higher than fifth at the finish, when he broke stride again.

Meanwhile, Howard Bessinger, the sober Midwesterner who handles Lindy's Pride, moved his colt from second to first at the half-mile mark. From there, with Dayan far back in the pack, it was

simply a matter of staying on gait. Lindy did, indicating that the chronic quarter cracks in his hooves have finally healed, and he won, breezing, by 1 1/4 lengths over The Prophet in 2:03, his best time since his first start in early June.

"He finished within himself," said Bessinger after winning his first \$100,000 race in more than 20 years of professional competition. "I never touched him, I never even chirped to him. And he wasn't at his best tonight. If I can just get him 100% right, he'll be a heckuva horse."

The events leading to the relationship between Bessinger and Lindy Farms, Inc. began inauspiciously enough six years ago when Guy Antonacci called his cousin, Frank Lomagnino. By that time the brothers and cousins, having collected their resources to buy their first garbage trucks in the early '30s, were operating three private firms out of the Lindenhurst area and were discovering the headaches that come with responsibility—like people calling up in the wee hours to complain about garbage sitting in the driveway. So Guy called Frank with this idea for diversion.

"Let's buy a harness horse," Guy said.

"What's that?" said Frank.

Their first horse, a filly named Heather A., is best written off to experience, but then they bought a colt named Oso Sio from Bessinger. He won \$31,412 as a 3-year-old in 1965, and Lindy Farms, Inc. was off and racing. Their big breakthrough came later that year when they bought Tarport Lib, a pacer, for \$42,000 at the Harrisburg (Pa.) Sales. She earned \$144,013 in her career and became the world's fastest female harness horse when Bessinger drove her in 1:56 1/2 at the Red Mile in Lexington, Ky. in 1966.

Full of confidence in Bessinger, the brothers and cousins paid \$15,000 for Lindy's Pride at Harrisburg in 1967, and within months Bessinger told his employers that they had a potential Triple Crown winner. Lindy won \$62,781 in 24 starts as a 2-year-old, including 13 victories, and has now earned a total of \$133,399, with the big purses just coming up.

"We're still down to earth," said Frank Antonacci last Saturday. "We've all been working since we were 13. We know what a buck is." He paused and allowed himself a tight little smile. "Today," he said, the pride shining through, "there's not a one of us who's not successful. We've been lucky."

END

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A bonanza in Red Springs

On the verge of baseball bankruptcy, Minor League Owner Matt Boykin decided to think little, and has been enjoying a profit ever since

Matt Boykin is a big man made larger by his inability to push himself away from plates full of barbecued pork chops, North Carolina country sausage and creamed corn. Boykin attacks the telephone with a drawl so thunderous that operators must wonder if he realizes there is a wire between his receiver and theirs. Never mind. After 12 profitless, hungry years as general manager of the Wilson, N.C. team in the Class A Carolina League Matt Boykin has found financial success for his team and possibly a whole new approach to minor league baseball, all as a result of a call he made last fall on a hunch.

The number Boykin reached was in Red Springs, a tiny community of small businessmen, mill hands, tobacco growers and tenant cotton farmers in southeastern North Carolina. By the time he crashed down the receiver, his Twins,

affiliated with Minnesota, were on the way to Red Springs and profits, and Red Springs was on its way to the best time the town has had since the night in 1913 when most everybody went to jail following a raucous celebration of the semipro team's state championship.

Success is rare enough in the minors, where the number of teams has dwindled from 432 in 1950 to 141 last year, but in Red Springs? "We have 4,040 people when everyone's here," says Tom Cope, an inveterate cigar chewer and baseball fan who was on the receiving end of Boykin's call in October. Everyone, obviously, is not there often since Red Springs proudly claims on red, white and blue signs along the highways that it is the **WORLD'S SMALLEST PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL TOWN**.

The smallest town has turned out to be one of the biggest in the Carolina

League. Red Springs is one-seventh the size of the next largest city in the league and has 134,000 fewer citizens than Newport News, Va., the leader in attendance. Yet, it has averaged 750 people a game—Minnesota's Assistant Farm Director George Brophy considers 450 good for Class A—and one day last week drew a crowd of 4,157, larger than the population of the town, for a special promotion sponsored by a dairy at which free ice cream was given to each customer. Before the season was half over, more fans had watched the Red Springs Twins at home than attended games in Wilson (pop. 35,000) all last year.

"It sure feels good," says Boykin. "As of July 1, I knew I was clear for the year."

Six months ago it appeared that Boykin, who ran a construction company before switching full-time to baseball when he was 45 years old, was clear out of his mind. The independent minor league owner is a struggling, disappearing breed, and Boykin was hanging on by a slender thread in Wilson. "Every year the Twins would say to me, 'Why don't you close it up in Wilson, Matt?' and I'd answer, 'Let's give it one more try.' Finally last July they told me I'd lose my working agreement—that means my source of players and the money to pay them—if I didn't move."

That is why he discovered Red Springs and Robbins Park, which is owned by a mill in the town. Within two days Boykin received assurances from Red Springs that \$2,500 in program advertising would be raised along with another \$4,000 in billboards for the outfield wall. The town would arrange to refurbish the park and sell \$12,000 worth of season tickets. Without even soliciting, \$5,000 in ads came in for the scorecards and \$7,000 for the fences.

"It was amazing," says Boykin. "People would call up and demand a sign in the outfield and, when I told them we didn't have any space left, they'd say that they'd take a big ad in the program instead. At first I think a lot of it came because of civic pride, a little town competing against big ones. But now the advertisers realize they're getting an audience of 40,000 people, and it's beginning to sound like good business."

The Office of Economic Opportunity chipped in with \$10,000 to rejuvenate the park. This was part of a project called Advancement Inc. Designed to pep up the local economy and curtail emigration to Northern cities by providing



TOM COPE (LEFT) ASSURED BOYKIN THERE WAS A PLACE FOR TWINS IN RED SPRINGS

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job training, attracting new industry and improving the quality of life in the region. Advancement Inc. was no boondoggle. Red Springs' county, made up of approximately equal numbers of Indians, blacks and whites, turned out with enthusiasm, particularly the kids, to enjoy virtually the one game in town. The only other entertainment is the movie house, which specializes in Class C shows—*Ghidorah The Three-Headed Monster* was the feature during a recent home stand—and there are no bars because of the WCTU. Not surprisingly, the ball park evolved into a bustling, joyous social center that is part men's club, part lovers' lane and part your neighbor's front porch.

Bill Currie, an insurance agent and avid fan, explains, "I used to try to make some calls in the evening but I began to find out that everyone was at the game. It's great for me. I get to watch the team and I often start a sale at the same time. It's much better than walking up to a house cold and knocking on the door. Here I can run into a guy, start talking baseball and then mention I've heard he's moving into a new house."

Currie and the other adult males, many of whom arrive after the games start because they cannot leave their tobacco fields before nightfall, make up the bulk of the crowds and are a vociferous and startlingly sophisticated lot. The stands in Red Springs are set close to the playing field, so a Twins fan can bait the umpires and know he will be heard, a particularly satisfying feeling in North Carolina, where hot nights and swarms of gnats contribute to the spectators' and the umpires' frustrations. The rooters also appreciate the subtleties of good play. In a game not long ago an outfielder who laid down a perfect sacrifice with men on first and second received almost as large a hand as the batter two positions later who hit a three-run triple.

Up in the shadowy back rows of the enclosed grandstand, a three-run triple might well go unnoticed. There the teenagers, who tend to arrive in groups of all boys and all girls, break into couples, hold hands and, insofar as they can avoid the gaze of their elders, make like they are in the front seat of a car at the drive-in movies. "That's one of the things the parents are beginning to realize," says Cope. "In past years the teenagers were always driving off 20 or 30

miles to the movies, but now they come to the ball park and their parents are relieved to know they're not out on the highways."

The unmarried players, many of whom live in trailers or at McNeill's boardinghouse, a big Victorian building with a rambling porch, and the wives of the married ones are the only people who seem less than enthusiastic about baseball in Red Springs. The traditional image of the strong country-boy ball-player is not valid today, and many of the Twins come from big cities or suburbs where life is distinctly more varied than it is in a little Southern town. "The people here have treated us like royalty," said one player's wife, sitting with several others and their children in the box reserved for them behind home plate. "But it's boring. There's nothing to do for 30 miles and even the TV is bad. During the day we only get one channel and it doesn't come in too well. At night we can get a couple of others, but they always seem to be showing religious programs. Heck, they don't even play *The Star-Spangled Banner* when they sign off."

With the diversions of their baseball careers and frequent road trips, the married players, like Outfielders Ezel Carter and Glenn Smith, both from large Midwestern cities, defend the town as a nice quiet place in which to live. But if it were not for the same kind of cynical humor that has sustained American males through 25 years of peacetime conscription, the bachelor players who make up about 50% of the Twins' roster might be just as unhappy in their boredom as the wives. They spend several hours a day crowded into booths at Ma Eason's Good Food Cafeteria, gulping down fried chicken, rice and peas as the elderly proprietress brings on endless servings of hot rolls and honey. Their conversations are usually about girls—or the lack of them. "Man, it's tough here," says Ray O'Neill, a pitcher from Southern California. "There are only three single girls in the town and they all have to be in by midnight. There's a girl works in one store who's engaged, but we think maybe she'll go out."

Going out in Red Springs means riding over the county line to buy a six-pack and then bouncing up a dirt road through a tobacco field to a secluded spot called The Pines. "We can't really do that anymore," says Infielder Paul Mankowski. "They moved the starting

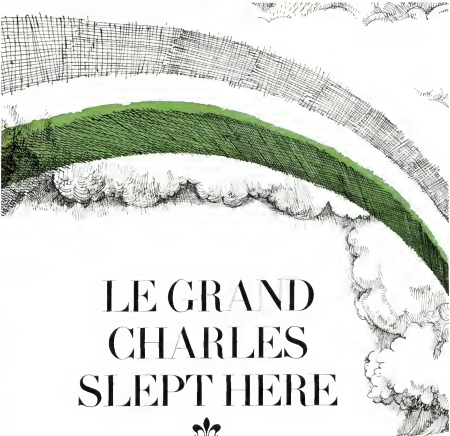


TWINS FANS ARE INFORMAL—AND AVID

time from 7-30 to 8 [to accommodate the tobacco growers], and when you get done eating after the game it's time to take the girls home."

The social atmosphere makes life a little easier for Manager Tom Umphlett, who realizes that Red Springs offers few opportunities for his players to get into trouble. Umphlett has played in strange places before, one of them centerfield for the Red Sox between two eccentric named Ted Williams and Jim Piersall. But Red Springs is a new experience for him. A North Carolina native, Umphlett needed to look over the map twice before he could locate the town.

The home office in Minnesota still looks skeptically at Red Springs, figuring a couple of new mills in the area have kept attendance up, but Boykin disagrees. "This is it. This is the solution to the survival of the low minors," he says. "Last year in Wilson I had to compete with two big community centers, a bowling alley, two swimming pools, five movies, and a drive-in restaurant on every corner. Here, baseball is the only thing to do, and there are a bunch of little places like this with ball parks that can be fixed over. We should forget the big towns and go to the small ones." In Red Springs, he has the smallest. **END**



LE GRAND CHARLES SLEPT HERE



by PAT RYAN

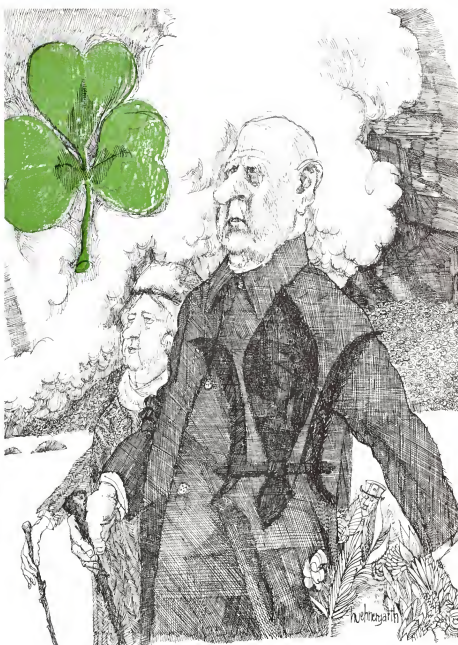
APRÈS MOI, LE DÉLUGE...

France may have its doubts, but in Ireland today there is agreement with that famous pronouncement by General Charles de Gaulle—borrowed from Madame Pompadour. He came for a sudden six-week holiday soon after his resignation as the president of France and left behind him one of the great watersheds in Irish travel history. In the

pubs of County Kerry they are saying the Blarney Stone may soon be called the Gallstone, but in Dublin the Irish Tourist Board is not jesting when it estimates that de Gaulle's visit and the attendant publicity is worth several million dollars to the country.

Lured by the mystique of statesmanship, thousands of vacationers have already set out in de Gaulle's foot-

continued





steps, with the most persistent of them winding up in the general's bathtub and his bed as well. They have swarmed, for example, to The Heron Cove, a dismal, third-rate hotel 75 miles from Cork where de Gaulle spent the first weeks of his holiday, and they do not seem to mind its shoddy atmosphere. Empty beer kegs and pop bottles are stacked by the entrance. The rusting gates hang morosely and a rutted lane leads past a skeleton gatehouse. Never mind. The visitors had read of it in the world's press, had they not, and it sounded aristocratic and, well, mysterious.

The press, the Irish took no particular pains to explain, labored under certain difficulties and illusions. Journalists besieged the perimeters of the general's vacation headquarters but never really got near enough to The Heron Cove to tell it like it was: to see the paint flaking from the walls of the hotel or the pringle growth of blackberry brambles and docks that choke its garden paths. How were they to know that the fierce Alsatians rumored to be patrolling the 136-acre estate during the de Gaulles' visit

were actually sedentary Labradors barking at tadpoles in the still backwaters? Nor was it ever suspected that the skandiving instructor reported to be ready and waiting at The Heron Cove to advise the general in the underwater arts was a man past 70 who could not swim. Above all, there was never a whisper in or around the nearby village of Snem of the eviction notice served upon Richard Stanford, the proprietor of The Heron Cove, before the general's arrival. Stanford had not paid his rent in more than a year. The bailiff was due to come knocking any day, and what if the general, 11 years president of France, humiliate of nations and cowerer of kings, should be flung out upon the streets of Snem bag and baggage? What indeed? It would have been just another footnote in one of the most bizarre vacations ever taken by a world figure, a vacation worthy, in good tourist fashion, of retracing

De Gaulle's rented Humber (\$79 a week) first crossed the cow grill at The Heron Cove gate and lurched down the dusty half-mile drive on May 10. It had been but 12 days since he had proclaimed his resignation and now he was headed for The Heron Cove on the recommendation, it is said, of Roger Robert du Gardier, the French ambassador to Ireland, who had informed Paris that the food there was commendable. Impenetrable rhododendrons hem the road that the Humber moved along, while behind them thrives a once-exotic garden of camelias, azaleas, Jerusalem palms, laburnum, fuchsias, gentians and gorse. A solitary gardener (eight men once cared for and cultivated these acres) wanders the pathways with a hoe, but age has slowed him and the undergrowth is obviously encroaching. When it rains he uses a large leaf of the wild rhubarb plant as an umbrella and works on, moving proudly about his derelict domain.

The earliest ones remembers. Richard Cove was the hideaway of a cashiered British naval officer who took up smuggling. A later British officer planted the gardens. In 1962 the estate was bought by a German and it was he who al-

lowed it—literally—to go to seed. But if he did not clear the paths, he cleared a profit of \$96,000 when he resold it shortly before de Gaulle's arrival. And thus, like any tourist, de Gaulle ran into the change-of-ownership problem.

But he also had the difficulty of the uninvited guests. Hardly had the general drunk his prelunch glass of sherry before the press began massing at The Heron Cove, there to find police blocking the entrance, standing sternly cross-armed and silent. A squad of 150 men, the reporters were told, was protecting the estate and would repulse any attack on the general's solitude. (Actually there were only 50 guards, working in three shifts.) A French cameraman tried the first assault. He eased over a wall and inched through the underbrush. Minutes later, muddy, bloody, wet and stripped of his film, he was dumped outside the gates. Impressed, a *Punk* Match photographer took to the air, hiring a plane from Shannon to record the general's vacation site for posterity.

By the morning after de Gaulle's arrival there was a flotilla of press boats bobbing in the water in front of the hotel. They were kept at bay by policemen in skiffs. The long paddle of the law, however, did not prevent one cameraman with a telephoto lens from catching the general gazing out a window, probably an amusement at the ludicrous sight stretched out before him on the seascape. After this photograph was published, curtains were hung in the windows. Two staffers from *Stern* magazine risked sorties into The Heron Cove grounds, where they found "the terrain unbelievable—dense brushwood, fallen trees of enormous size, marshes and swampy areas, tiny brooks which suddenly turned into unexpectedly deep rivers. We hadn't imagined that anything like that existed outside South America. It took us half an hour to advance 100 meters. Once we got within 200 feet of the house but we would have needed axes and saws to advance farther, and all we had was a pair of garden scissors, field glasses and our cameras." In spite of their efforts, neither got a pic-

In the rain the gardener wears a wild rhubarb leaf umbrella.

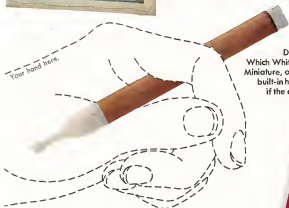
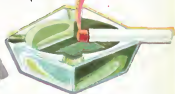


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3. Daiquiri: ½ oz. lime juice and 1 tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix); 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum. Shake with ice; strain into cocktail glass.

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ture of de Gaulle. Nor did the photographer who fastened his camera high in a tree on a neighboring estate, with the lens focused on a Heron Cove window. After three days of waiting the photographer saw the general appear, in all his majesty. He snapped the shutter from below and, sure of a scoop, climbed up to retrieve his camera. To his dismay, he found in the three-day wait a leaf had opened up in front of the lens. Such are the vagaries of an Irish springtime.

After a while any vacationer finds solitude oppressive, and de Gaulle, like more humble tourists, turned to sightseeing. The resultant cops-and-robbers pursuit of the general by the press became a scheduled event. De Gaulle would emerge every second afternoon at precisely 3 o'clock to view the scenic splendors of Ireland. His car would be wedged between two others filled with police and the trailing police car would weave back and forth across the road to keep any vehicle from the 40-car journalistic caravan from passing. In this strange fashion, de Gaulle and the world's press crisscrossed the Kerry countryside, the general serving the dual role of sight-seer and sight to see.

On one occasion the de Gaulles were taken to the restored home of patriot Daniel O'Connell at Derrynane, an attraction the Irish government has put a good deal of money into. (One can almost hear the conversation: "Now, Charles, we are not going back to France without. . .") They arrived at the house where, almost needless to say, an aspiring Irish photographer had duped the caretaker and taken his place. The general's car, however, took a turn around the driveway and drove straight away again. So much for Daniel O'Connell. On another day de Gaulle was taken to Bantry, 40 miles from Sneem, to see a statue of St. Brendan which had been put up on the beach by the Gulf Oil Corporation. He never got out of his car at Bantry, saw only the rear of the statue and drove the 40 miles back to The Heron Cove. There were other afternoons when he would be led for three hours without stopping on a tour of the coun-

tryside at a lurching, gear-shifting, 35-mile-an-hour pace. On the occasions when the de Gaulles did leave their limousine they would set off down the highway, the Humber coasting slowly at their heels.

"The routine never varied," a distressed Irish writer said later. "She would walk a few yards, bend down and pick up a flower or a stone, which she would show to him. He would nod. Oh, they took him on all the obvious tours but, sure, it broke my heart. He might as well have been a blind man. They never had anyone in the car to tell them a nice story, and every rock around here has a bit of history. This country is full of good storytellers. I would have filled in myself."

De Gaulle spent most of his stay at The Heron Cove reading, writing and looking into his—and France's—heart,



One cameraman caught the general at his hotel room window.



but Ireland was struggling to please its famous vacationer. On his first day a red-headed truck driver arrived at The Heron Cove with a large delivery. "It's a queer thing," the driver said, lifting the corner of the canvas that covered the object. It was an 8-foot-by-6½-foot bed constructed by the Irish public works department. De Gaulle sent it back to the factory after sleeping in it one night (it was far too hard). "What that bed needed was a good hefty couple on a two-week honeymoon," the proprietor of The Heron Cove declared.

There also was concern in Dublin about wine. No instructions had come from Paris on what it was assumed would be an important matter—and none ever did. So The Heron Cove simply served the de Gaulles from its own modest cellar, and there was no objection. (One reason was perhaps revealed a few weeks later when a London tabloid published an interview with de Gaulle's nephew Alain about Uncle Charles and Tante Yvonne. The wine served in the de Gaulle house is purchased by Madame de Gaulle at the grocer's in Colombey, claimed tactically Alain.)

There were other hospitable notes. The Sneem village poet, Brud O'Brien, was commissioned to write a verse commemorating the general's visit. His poem reads—in part:

*"Tis a sweet little town of world-wide renown
On the fringe of a neat water-fall,
Where journalists crowd and in praise are loud
Of this haven chosen by General de Gaulle.
He can rest and rove in Heron Cove,
So far removed from all his cares,
For he is ward of a well-kept guard
Who preserve him from all wily snares.
In the calm and sweet of this country seat
He can remember on his rise and fall,*

continued



*But he'll be back to rule and
reign
For France is poor without de
Gaulle*

And toward the end of the week a reporter for a local newspaper discovered a lady in her dotage in a nearby hospital who claimed she had been governess to Madame de Gaulle. On reading the report, Madame Yvonne paid a call on the invalid and brought her flowers and candy. She said indeed the old lady had cared for her when she was 14, but the reporter who contrived the story remains dubious.

Through it all, The Heron Cove's proprietor, Richard Stanford, was keeping one eye out for the de Gaulles and the other for the bailiff ("Stanford has this way of looking over your shoulder when you talk to him," one of the villagers says). It is assumed that word reached de Gaulle of the tenuous toehold Stanford had on The Heron Cove—or perhaps he just got tired of fighting his way through the journalists and undergrowth. In any event, after two weeks of a planned five-week stay, de Gaulle's Humber headed north for a different part of Ireland, leaving Sneeem to reap its tourist benefits. They came quickly.

"Six hundred cars must have come down the driveway that first day," Stanford recalls. "I should have charged them a five-hob entrance fee." To Stanford's pleasure, well-hred visitors (British, of course) soon filled—and continue to fill—every room of his hotel. De Gaulle's name never is mentioned in the drawing room conversation, but in hushed voices in the hall or in the thick of the gardens, couples from Surrey assure each other that they had bookings long before de Gaulle ever heard of The Heron Cove and isn't it really quite ghastly that this gem of a place that they love so much has had this unfortunate publicity. At the sight of the sun the ladies worry about heat stroke and cover them-

selves with hats and veils. They note with a tut-tut that the hotel's three deck chairs are all broken and they comment archly on the rise in prices from those listed in their guide books since, well you know, since he was at The Heron Cove. In the evenings, pink and hung with strands of pearls, they gather in the pocket-sized bar where the conversation seldom varies from the weather ("gorgeous"), the dogs they left at home and the necessity of brooking their crossings on the boat. I or lack of topees they sometimes fall back on an old favorite—wartime rationing. Long silences punctuate these conversations and sighs.

"hmmmm lovely." It is then, inevitably, that one of the gentlemen pinches in his nostrils, picks up his glass and says, "Cheers." Behind the formica bar Richard Stanford, ex-RAF (he has been variously identified as major, colonel and brigadier, though in fact RAF records indicate that he was never anything more exalted than an aircraftsman), pours drinks illegally. He has no liquor license, but the law, like all else in Ireland, moves

slowly and probably will not catch up with him.

Backstairs, meanwhile, the studs move softly, shifting British couples' bags and their hot-water bottles from room to room. This is necessary because the favored couples are being permitted to spend one night in de Gaulle's bedroom. When played by the maids, musical beds does not seem so ill-mannered. The less favored guests in the 12-bedroom, five-bath hotel may be put in the room that was de Gaulle's study. One window is nailed shut, another has a rag stuck in it to keep the panes from rattling. In the mornings the guests who have been disenfranchised will come padding back down the hallways, towels in hand, to use de Gaulle's bathroom. It is available to everyone since it opens off a hallway. There, in the big yellow tub, a man can steep himself in a little history.

If de Gaulle's visit inspires the tourists who have followed him to Sneeem, it has left the 382 villagers largely unmoved. "I explained to the newsmen, who thought we should be excited, that we are used to such grand visitors," Brud O'Brien says. "When he is in Ireland Charlie Chaplin always comes to the green house on the other side of the square for apple cake, and Princess Grace was here. I listed the celebrities that have come to Sneeem. I made it better than it was, though. I threw in the king of the Belgians and I don't think he ever came." Besides being the town poet, Brud is its wit ("a suicide blonde is a woman who dyes with her own hand"), its philosopher (newspapers have paid him as much as \$7.60 for comments on matters as diverse as sex and British rail strikes), its sign painter (up to \$2.40 for a new shingle), its artisan (he mends religious statues) and its barber (just 30c a cut). A font for holy water is nailed to the wall at the entrance to his barbershop, which may say something about his handling of a razor. On the first Saturday of each month



After one night de Gaulle sent the
premier-size bed back to the factory.



quote these conversations and sighs. "hmmmm lovely." It is then, inevitably, that one of the gentlemen pinches in his nostrils, picks up his glass and says, "Cheers." Behind the formica bar Richard Stanford, ex-RAF (he has been variously identified as major, colonel and brigadier, though in fact RAF records indicate that he was never anything more exalted than an aircraftsman), pours drinks illegally. He has no liquor license, but the law, like all else in Ireland, moves

Brad cuts the hair of most of the men in the village, and for the rest of the month he occupies himself with his other jobs.

A few doors down on the village square is the shop belonging to Cyril Burke, the chemist. He is as likely to tell a customer to use water from boiled potatoes on her warts as to buy a remedy from him. Burke treats the local cows and pigs as well, and when the Irish Tourist Board needed a picture of The Heron Cove after de Gaulle showed up there, it called the chemist to see if he had ever taken one with his Browne. He had. "We were half-insulted by de Gaulle having his bodyguards," Burke says. "You'd think we were going to poison him. If de Gaulle walked in here and asked my wife to rent him one of the rooms she has to let, we'd never let on we recognized him. We wouldn't say a thing to Himself. Of course, after he'd had his tea, my wife might run across to her neighbor and say, 'Do you know who's into me? Why, de Gaulle Himself.' William Faulkner came in here two or three times and I never let on I knew who he was. We have TV stars that come to Sneem and they're not a half hour in the village and everyone knows they're here. But we don't acknowledge it. It really bothers some of those people. After a few days they'll say to me, 'You know, one thing I like in this village is that nobody recognizes me.'"

Burke says de Gaulle's visit did not help his business. "He could be here for 200 years and maybe one day he'd send his aide to buy a two-shilling bottle of eucalyptus oil. Well, now, did you see that lady who was just in here? She came for two shillings' worth of oil and while she was in the shop spent three pounds eight. So de Gaulle would mean a loss to me of three pounds six because he wouldn't come shop himself."

Cross the square now to the post office, where Bridie Mangan and her parents handle the letters, run the Sneem telephone switchboard and sell fruit, groceries, linens, postcards and newspapers. Usually a cluster of people is waiting to be served. Ask one of the black-clad wid-

ows about de Gaulle. "Nobody here tormented him," she says. "Nobody would dream of interfering with the poor man, except perhaps to offer him a jar."

For Mrs. Helena Fitzgerald, who runs the tearoom, there are many more buses full of tourists stopping outside her house these days, and she and her sons serve scones to as many as 400 visitors in the late afternoon. Business is better, too, for Rosemary Bradshaw, a Dublin woman who came to town last spring to sell pottery and sweaters. For 30 shillings she offers chamber pots (on the bottom is printed "We aim to please"). Her bestseller these days, however, is a platter in debatable taste showing General de Gaulle walking a crooked mile with a crooked donkey.

The star of the cast of Sneem personalities, however, is Father Robert Flavin, who said Mass for the general at The Heron Cove and was journalism's only link with de Gaulle's cloistered world. Interviewed and courted continually, Father Flavin appeared on television as far away as Peru and New Zealand and began receiving letters c/o General de Gaulle. A lady from California wrote to him asking for shamrocks. A French woman inquired if he would make reservations for her in Sneem, where she wished to come to gain tranquility and equilibrium. A New York politician named Flavin asked if he were a lost relative. In his presbytery Father Flavin meditates for a moment on the coming of de Gaulle. A jackdaw mutters in the living-room chimney and in the silence there is a murmur from an electric clock. "The newsmen had a terrible time thinking of appropriate questions," he recalls. "Did you confess the general this morning? Do you think you will confess the general? Is it your wish to confess the general? They asked me if they could chauffeur me to the hotel. No, I told them, I didn't think that was necessary. My housekeeper found a cassock missing from the presbytery and I wondered if one of the newsmen had borrowed it. I was relieved when it turned up later."

Of all the towns de Gaulle visited in

Ireland, Sneem is the most certain to benefit from the publicity. It is, after all, in what has always been a part of Ireland's tourist belt. But where de Gaulle went next, the tourist is not so likely to follow. And it was here, surely, that he vacationed.

If ever a land suited a traveler, Connemara, six hours and some 120 miles north of Sneem, would seem to suit Charles de Gaulle. The road winds tortuously and narrowly over Macgillycuddy's Reeks, as the mountains are called. Cars crawl behind herds of cattle and slow for sheep grazing along the hedges. At Limerick the road turns north to Galway and passes through land once characterized by a Cromwellian officer as "not containing sufficient wood to hang a man, water to drown him or earth to bury him." Beyond Galway is Connemara, wild and stern, strong and self-possessed, where the Irish were banished by Cromwell. The exiles built male after country mile of stone walls while clearing the fields of boulders. So harsh was the British overlordship that there was even a tax on the amount of daylight that filtered into a home. Windowless stone houses still stand in Connemara, testimony to dark times.

But hardship often gives character to the face of a land, as it does to a people, and such is the case here. The mountains, weathered and rock-creased, have the majesty of old men. Slate-gray ponies and black cattle graze down the hill-sides and across the peat bogs to the freshwater lakes. The stone-walled pastures run out to the Atlantic Ocean. Strong winds batter down the gulls into fields of daisies and buttercups and make children playing on the sand beaches wild and skittish.

In Connemara, de Gaulle stayed at Cashel House, an 11-bedroom hotel that a local lady describes as "set in the heart of an estate that looks like the lawn before the Gates of Heaven." Actually it is a down-to-earth, quiet place, owned by a young couple, Kay and Dermot MacEvilly. The hotel has 35 acres of gardens overlooking an inlet. Behind it a mountain rises sharply. MacEvilly does

Continued



the cooking, producing excellent five-course lunches and dinners, and his wife oversees other details. There is a casual grace to the hotel and a warmth conveyed immediately by the roses or wild-flowers presented to each guest.

The de Gaulles arrived at Cashel House expecting to stay four days, but after the second day they were inquiring how long the MacEvillys could keep them, which is how there arose the problem of Michael O'Toole. A local carpenter, he was being married the following week in Cashel and had reserved the hotel for his wedding breakfast. "Bridget and I don't mind postponing the marriage for awhile," he told Mrs. MacEvilly when she explained about the de Gaulles. But the general declined O'Toole's offer and said he would move out on the eve of the wedding.

By shifting furniture and horrowing crystal and embroidered linens from their relatives, the MacEvillys had tried to turn Cashel House from a hotel into a home for the de Gaulles, and their efforts must have succeeded. Almost immediately the general wanted to know where the children were the MacEvillys have two

boys—and when he learned the oldest, 2½-year-old Franke, had been sent to his grandmother's, de Gaulle insisted the boy be brought back. The youngster soon got his hands into things. Among the specialties MacEvilly likes to prepare is an intricately carved melon with a pyramid of wedges. Completing two of these artistic arrangements, he put them in the icebox to chill. When he took the melon out to serve to the de Gaulles at lunch, MacEvilly discovered his son had eaten the cherries that decorated the top and extricated one melon wedge from each plate. The dish was quickly shuffled—and served.

In the mornings de Gaulle would sit on a high bluff in the garden looking out to the sea. Heather and gorse were at his back, and it was a fine place for contemplation. Farther down in the garden, thrushes and cuckoos call, and beyond is the Secret Garden, which is walled and said to have fairies in it.

While the general read and wrote, his wife looked for tweeds in the nearby town of Clifden. She is a fussy shopper, usually returning three or four times before making her purchases, but the townspeople seldom recognized her. Soon after 9 o'clock one morning she turned up at the Connemara Marble Shop in the village of Recess. Paddy Joyce never opens his shop at the appointed hour, and with considerable grumbling he was awakened to unlock the store for his first customer, a matronly French lady of no particular distinction. Madame de Gaulle made her purchases and departed. While she was putting them away in her room at the hotel, Mrs. MacEvilly received a telephone call downstairs. It was Paddy, now awake to the business possibilities of the day. "Congratulations for having General and Madame de Gaulle," he said. "This is the Connemara Marble Shop. We'd like the de Gaulles to know that we'd be happy to be of service at any hour of the day or night."

"But she has just been to see you," Mrs. MacEvilly said. Paddy Joyce groaned.

It was the custom of the de Gaulles

to walk for three or four miles each afternoon, strolling the beaches with black-thorn sticks in hand. By then the reporters had departed, a statesman three weeks out of office being one-ninth as interesting as a statesman just resigned. De Gaulle's aide-de-camp was able to go trout fishing. At dinner de Gaulle would admire the new centerpiece of flowers (it was changed after every meal) or Madame de Gaulle would marvel at the tablecloth's hemstitching. And afterward, before a turf fire, the couple would drink infusion—a French brew that is a kind of tea—and listen, at times, to French news broadcasts on the wireless. "Ce soir, Monsieur Pompidou a dit."

The summer evenings are long in Connemara, and it was in these twilight hours that the MacEvillys went out in their secondhand car to look for freshly caught fish for the de Gaulles. The two pointer dogs would jump into the back seat ("We keep them because a lot of our English guests are frigid," Mrs. MacEvilly explains. "But they will always get a dog, and then someone else will, and the two people will begin to talk. It breaks the ice.")

The MacEvillys would try several piers and most would be deserted, the black boats of the native fishermen upturned on the rocks and the lobster pots lying unused among the kelp. There is a bounty of seafood in Connemara waters—mussels, scallops, mackerel, shrimp, sole, trout, salmon, lobster—but fish is regarded as a penitential meal by Irish Catholics, who still must eat it on Friday. So MacEvilly would stop to ask people on the road, "Seen any fishermen?" It is an unusual phenomenon of this area that miles from any visible home or other structure one will suddenly come upon such groups of people. The explanation is simple enough: there are few telephones and this is their mode of social conversation. Some of the people speak only Gaelic. Old storytellers can still be found. But many of the young people have left, emigrating to England. The parish priest wishes tourists would come, bringing business,

Backstairs, maids moved the favored few into the famous room.



"so that our young might stay at home."

"I wonder if de Gaulle's visit will do much good," Dermot MacEvilly said not long ago. "The Heron Cove got all the publicity; it has become the most famous hotel in Ireland. If the tourists go there thinking it's our best hotel, they'll never try the rest of us."

It would indeed be a sad irony if Conemara did not get some portion of the tourist bonanza, for de Gaulle liked it best. When he left on the eve of Michael O'Toole's wedding, he told the MacEvillys, "I will be lonely for this place."

On the move again, the general headed south, returning to Kerry. There are some people in Ireland who say de Gaulle was lured back to that more populated region because businessmen in the county were afraid they would lose face and tourist dollars if it appeared the general had not been pleased with his stay there. Others say it is a debasing argument not worthy of dispute. What is indisputable, as every Irish tourist is now informed, is that through the final fortnight of his vacation de Gaulle stayed in Dairy Cottage, a house on the 6,500-acre Kenmare Estate overlooking the lakes of Killarney. And this time he had picked himself a spot with some grandeur of its own.

Dairy Cottage actually is an annex to the Castlerosse Hotel, which is owned and operated by the mistress of the Kenmare Estate, Mrs. Beatrice Grosvenor, who was, during World War II, staff officer to Lady Mountbatten. In the prime summer season the rate for a double room (with bath and breakfast) at Dairy Cottage is \$12. The general, of course, had all six beds and five baths for himself, and though Mrs. Grosvenor continued collecting a shilling from each tourist desiring to see her estate, the general was not part of the exhibit.

Some visitors to the estate did report seeing him walking the mud lanes to the fabled lakes and cutting across the Kenmare pastures filled with herds of prize Herefords and black-faced sheep. The setting is a worthy one. In the early mornings—often in a soft rain—red and sika deer move through the barley

fields. The loughs are filled with salmon and above the lakes in the uplands woodcock and snipe flush from the bracken.

In 1588 Queen Elizabeth gave Sir Valentine Browne, from whom Mrs. Grosvenor is descended, "the Lakes of Killarney, the water and fish therein contained and the bottom thereof." She also threw in 6,560 acres plus a few mountains so that he would have some place to dock his canoe. The land has been passed down through the Castlerosse and Kenmare families, which have included a number of eccentrics. A Lady Kenmare who flourished around the turn of the century had strong ideas about scenery. She ordered her tenants (her rent roll was \$400,000 a year) to plant their cottages with tar so that the countryside would not be disfigured with walls of whitewashed stone. She permitted only one exception. The local Loretto convent was allowed to paint its gates khaki.

The most famous member of the family, however, was Mrs. Grosvenor's uncle, the Sixth Earl of Castlerosse, who distinguished himself by writing a gossip column for Lord Beaverbrook's papers in the 1930s. A rotund man of some 280 pounds, he once was assigned to do an inside story on a nudist club. He arrived, introduced himself, was led into an anteroom and, left alone, disrobed. He then stepped through another door into what he assumed was the nudist club itself, only to find himself in the middle of a large (and fully clothed) bridge tournament. He was at the wrong address. When he died in 1943, his title passed to his younger brother. (The colorful lord handed down other things elsewhere. For example, to the Convent of the Presentation in Killarney went his monogrammed silk sheets and pajamas. Some years later the mother superior there was asked if the apparel was ever received. "Of course," she replied. "The good Lord Castlerosse always remembered us. We were most grateful for the gifts of his shirts and silks, and we are still wearing them. And his slippers, too. His feet were very small." From beneath her robe the nun thrust out a dainty foot. On it was a



The bath was easy to find—the door opens off an upstairs hall.



black silk slipper embossed with a scarlet "C.")

When the Seventh Earl died not long after his brother, the title became extinct and the estate, which their niece, Mrs. Grosvenor, inherited, was threatened with death duties. Americans bought 3,500 acres of Killarney from her, though the song had long been sung,

*How can you buy all the stars
in the skies?*

*How can you buy two blue Irish
eyes?*

*How can you purchase a fond
mother's sighs?*

How can you buy Killarney?

But still the pinch is there, which is why de Gaulle's visit to Kenmare had an importance he could not suspect. With the shilling-a-day tours of what is left of the Kenmare holdings and her Castlerosse Hotel, Mrs. Grosvenor has a sizable stake in the tourist development

continued

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LE GRAND CHARLES



of Killarney. Being hostess to the general hardly hurt her business. She notes that this summer she has added a French-speaking member to the staff at the Castlesse.

And without doubt the French are on their way. "At last they are able to identify us," an Irish Tourist Board official says. "They are such a provincial race. Before, they would confuse Ireland with Iceland and Holland." Aer Lingus ads in Paris now exhort Frenchmen to "Follow the Guide" (the Guide was one of de Gaulle's nicknames). The Irish information center declares that holiday bookings by French tourists have more than doubled. "I only hope we get better-type Frenchmen than we have in the past," a tourist board man said. "They've been tightlipped and complaining. Our slogan used to be 'Ireland is a place for special people' which really meant the Frenchman with not too much money. This is the group we sought to attract."

Well, they got de Gaulle. And who is paying his bill no one is saying. French newspapers reported that the government sent an emissary to The Heron Cove to make sure it was not being charged. The Irish Tourist Board says it was not paying the bills. There was reason to think de Gaulle was not stuck with the tabs himself. Who'll pay?

On June 15 Georges Jean Raymond Pompidou was elected president of France, and three days later Charles de Gaulle gathered his small retinue behind him and ended his vacation. There was a brief visit of state in Dublin, and then the year's most famous tourist returned to France. Behind him, notes the Irish Tourist Board, are the people who will eagerly pay any bills at all that might have been left behind—the British and the Americans, coming by the thousands to see for themselves how things are in Killybegs, Kilkenny and Kildare. Some of them may even, just by chance of course, stop at The Heron Cove. The general's bathroom is top of the stairs, second door on the right.



End



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

SOARING ARGONAUT—A 39-foot blimp was declared overall winner of the roughly 7,125-mile Los Angeles to Hawaii race in 14 days. Woodward Parage crossed the Diamond Head finish line first but was penalized two hours after the Trans-Pacific Police Committee upheld a complaint filed against him by the view of Egypt. First-to-finish honors were given instead to BLACKPINK, commanded by Ron DeMaio.

DON ARONOW, former world champion powerboat and defending U.S. title, won the 214-mile race for ocean-going powerboats at Waukegan, Ill. in the *Don Aronow*, a 15-footer powered by a pair of 475 hp Manassas engines. His average speed of 71.1 mph broke the record set last week in Florida by New York's Red Whirlwind.

BOBBE—Heavyweight Charles Green who paid \$6 to use Junior Light Heavyweight Champion JOE TORRES' light James Watson at Madison Square Garden, London, for the ring & a win when Robert claimed to have injured his elbow while working out in his hotel room. Green, who happened to be at ringside, watched the referee disqualify Torres down twice in the first two rounds before the worthy comeback fighter, pulling in a better gate the day after, K.O. Green with a right.

HARNESS RACING—Howard Benninger drove LINDY S PRIDE (\$3,000) into the lead at the half-mile of the \$100,000 Yearling Futurity race and won by three-quarters length over Prophet. The victor, who raced among Gam Ringer, Lady's Pride and Danon for the first leg of matings Triple Crown never materialized as Dan Ringer was scratched and Danon was in fifth (page 40).

The seemingly unbeatable Nevada Pride disappeared off his list when he broke twice in the first term of the \$75,000 American Paternal, Maternal & Sportsman's Park, Chicago, and never became a threat. Out in front from the gate Ralph Baldwin drove SHOW SPREAD (a sister of 1951), equating the track record for the mile.

HORSE RACING—NODDUBBLE (\$3) carrying top weight of 127 pounds, overtook Victory in the final half-mile of Aqueduct's \$100,000 Maternal & Sportsman's Park, Chicago, and never became a threat. Out in front from the gate Ralph Baldwin drove SHOW SPREAD (a sister of 1951), equating the track record for the mile.

In the \$150,000 Hollywood Park Juvenile Championship for 2-year-olds, PINK PERFECTION (\$3,201) the favorite collected the winter's purse of \$150,000 for his fifth victory at eight starts. Eight

Prizey Jr. finished his mount out in front in the stretch and crossed the finish of the six-furlong race three-quarters of a length ahead of the second choice, With Evidence.

Prizey finished his favored 3-year-old mare, AL HAT-TAR (\$1,401) set a track record for his win in winning the \$54,000 Pecos Stakes at Liberty Bell Park, Philadelphia, by 1 1/4 lengths over Best Turn and boosted his career earnings to more than \$75,000. Jockey Ray Brown guided the winner through the mile-and-one-eighth race in 1:41.2, two seconds faster than the second set earlier this season by Shave.

WOTER SPORTS—Before an estimated crowd of 120,000, the biggest in British motor-racing history JACKIE STEWART of Scotland posted a lap record of 29.41 on his way to winning the British Grand Prix at the Silverstone track. It was his fifth straight victory this season, bringing his total points toward the world title to 45—24 more than his nearest competitor, Bruce McLaren.

WENUS—In the Davis Cup European Zone final at the Bristol Lawn Tennis Club the BRITISH team, expected to lose, clinched the title when GILA KRAM STILLWELL, defending last Midland of South Africa, giving Britain a decisive 3-1 lead. The South African team played only one match among the four, winning two by default after Czechoslovakia and Poland refused to face them for political reasons.

ROD LAVER defeated Bruce Aronow June Newcombe 3-5 6-2 6-4 6-4 at Wimbledon. Mann to win his fourth straight U.S. Professional tennis championship and his winner's purse of \$5,000, bringing his total earnings to almost \$80,000.

In the U.S.L.T.A. National Junior Clay Court Championship at Louisville, Daniel Brichmore of Athens, Ga. defeated Harold Solomon of Silver Spring, Md. 6-3 4-6 6-4 for the boys' 18-and-under title. Kristine Krummer of Los Angeles took the girls' division by beating Connie Caputo of Midland, Ohio, in sets of 6-4 and 6-5. In the 16-and-under event, Imelda De la Cruz of Puerto Rico defeated John Whittington of Nevada 6-4 6-1 for the championship.

TRAGEN & FIELD—U.S. men and women were the team titles in the triangular meet with Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union at Los Angeles (page 41). Among the major events JURIS FLIZINS of Vilnius and Mary Apple Olympian Ralph Doubilet and Byrne Duce in the 800-meter run. BOB SEAGREN taking again in reach the eleven 100-yard, won the pole vault at 11' 4 1/2" and BILL TOOMEY set the decathlon. Trading

to 12 yards at the start of the final lap in the 1,500-meter run, MARTY LIQUORI of Villanova burst past the Russian leader 50 yards from the tape to win. The U.S. women clinched their team title by winning the 400-meter relay by 12 yards.

GEORGE FRENN of North Hollywood, Calif. broke his own national record in the fourth performance 36-pound weight throw by almost two feet with a toss of 49' 7" during the AAU championships held at New Britain, Conn.

WRESTLING—The Soviet Union dominated the Greco-Roman events in the first Junior World Wrestling Championships, held in Baku, Azeri, winning seven firsts, a second and a third for the team title. Bulgarians captured second place with 18 medals, including three firsts and the U.S. placed third. In the freestyle division, the U.S. swept Russia by one point (51-50) to take the team title with five firsts, two seconds and two thirds. Bulgarians came in third.

MALPRACTICE REPORTED JOE SAMATH to the New York Jets camp after he agreed to reverse his decision of June 10 to renege rather than comply with Commissioner Pete Rozelle's order to sell his share of Rochester 101 and half of his of undesirable associations (page 12).

RESIGNED From his post as commissioner of the ABA, after an interception two years ago, GEORGE MIRAN, who would prefer to stay in Minneapolis where he has other business than move to the new league headquarters in New York. Assistant Commissioner Charles E. McNulty will take his place, with the title of executive director.

RETIRED AL DERTY, 31, four-time Olympic distance swimmer, after competing at the New York AAU Invitational at Elms, where he set a swim 100-yard record with a throw of 181' 7". "The leg will have to be real dead for me to even swim up again," he said. "I have been bothered for several years by a pinched nerve in my back and don't want to risk further damage to it."

RETIRED JOE BLANK, 35, who put together formidable crews at such as the University of Pennsylvania for 19 years. His crews won the ABA title the next three years, and last month reached the peak of the Harley Road Regatta before losing to East Germany.

DIED The 1967 world champion sprinter in the 100-CC class and just twice listed at the 250 LBS, BILL IVY, 36, when his cycle did on a wet curbed during a race and let a wall, throwing him into a lamp post.

DIED DENAANTHOMPSON 81, former president of the Washington Evening Star for 35 years and president of the Baseball Writers Association of America (1933), after a long illness.

CREDITS

13—AP, 19, 22—Times Online, 26—Don DeLoach, 40—Marty Schacter, 42, 43—Bill Mahan, John Lardis, 44—AP, 46—Don DeLoach, 47—AP

FACES IN THE CROWD



BOB ROMANSKY, 17, of Carmelo Point, N.J., following in the footsteps of his uncle, Dave Romansky, an Olympic water, broke the national age-group record for the mile walk in 7:19 at the Junior Olympics in Reading, Pa., almost nine seconds under old mark.



KIM SHUTTLE, 10, from Baltimore, who has seven national and numerous state swim records, added three more to her collection the national 200-yard medley (long course) in 2:41.2, and the state 50-yard backstroke and butterfly at a meet in Chautauque, Ohio.



MARILYN MORRIS, 14, of Dallas, gained the most points in the Carolina Circuit (eight shows in eight days) to widen her lead toward the American Quarter Horse Association's annual junior all-around title. This is Marilyn's first year of competition in the nationals.



BEN CRENSHAW, 17, of Austin, Texas, won the South Texas Junior PGA championship at the Pecos Valley Country Club with a five-under-par 68, one stroke over the course record set in 1964 by Pro Miller Barber, despite having been penalized two strokes.

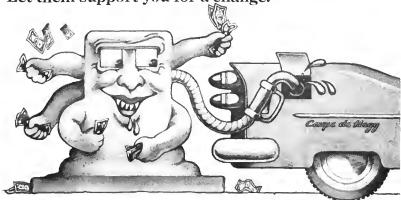


DON ROBINSON, 20, who last year led the scoring on the Wayne State University football team, prepared for the NCAA track and field meet by bounding on the trampoline two hours a day and followed up by winning the long-jump event with a leap of 24' 15 1/2".



JUDY LILLY, 28, a Wheat Ridge, Colorado housewife who took up horseback riding to support her art, was the only woman to qualify for last year's world super stock car championships, and this year has won seven of the races she competed at Southwestern drag strips.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

California (3-2), the Western Division's last place team, enjoyed its first winning week since April and came in for some heady praise from Walt Alston, manager of the crosstown Dodgers. "They've got the young arms, just like the ones the Mets had a couple of years back," said Alston. The youngsters Alston had in mind are Tom Murphy and Andy Messersmith and Jim McGlothlin, who have combined for over half the Angels' wins this season. "We know we're not going to get many runs," said Murphy of his team, which has 52 fewer hits and 11 fewer home runs than any other major league club. "We know we have to hold them close, and we've been competing among ourselves to see who can give up the fewest runs." Murphy and Messersmith came at a stand-off after each pitched a six-hitter last week, but they still might be able to use some tips from seasoned George Brunet. The 34-year-old lefty started the Angels on their upswing by throwing a two-hit shutout. Oakland (5-0) had excellent pitching, too, and edged back within three games of first place. On consecutive days Blue Moon Dalem, Lew Krause and Catfish Hunter pitched complete-game wins, never allowing more than six hits or two runs. Minnesota (4-2) ran up nine straight victories before dropping a doubleheader to the Seattle Pilots (2-3), who came onto the twinnish with an eight-game losing streak. It was rookie Outfielder Steve Hawley who turned his team around, driving in three of the five runs in the two-game sweep. He worked a ninth-inning, bases-loaded walk to push across the decisive score in the opener and later rapped a two-run homer to put his team ahead to stay in the nightcap. With ace Joe Horlen, Gary Peters and Tommy John, Chicago

(2-4) was considered among the strongest pitching teams in past seasons. Alas, the top three starters are 18-29 this year and last week they lost two of three decisions while allowing 14 runs in 24 1/3 innings. With the hitters averaging .216 and the pitchers giving up 4.4 runs a game, only rookie base-stealer Pat Kelly enjoyed a good week for Kansas City (0-4). Brother of Leroy, the Cleveland Browns' crashing halfback, Kelly swiped three bases in one game to raise his season total to 30, only 20 short of the record for a first-year player. The hot Boston (4-1) bats cooled off with just six homers last week—the season average has been eight a week—but they were enough to give the team 123 for the year, surpassing by two its total for all of 1968. And there are signs of improvement on the Red Sox pitching staff, too. Two young right-handers, 23-year-old Ray Jarvis and 21-year-old Mike Nagy, who did not figure to make the majors this season, are already shaping up as the core of a strong staff in the future. In consecutive games last week Nagy pitched a five-hitter to bring his record to 6-2, and Jarvis stopped division-leading Baltimore (3-3) on just one run to earn his fifth win. In another Orioles game, dependable Brooks Robinson saved Dave McNally, who is 13-0, from his first loss of the season with an eighth-inning, two-run homer. McNally, whose teammates call him MacLucky, had been lifted from the game the inning before with his team trailing 3-1. Denny McLain and Mickey Lolich continued to give Detroit (4-2) the most successful pitching two some in the majors. Lolich ran his record to 13-2 with a four-hit shutout last week while McLain, who had misced a starting turn with a sore shoulder, came back to win his 14th game, also a shutout. The big

hitting story in Washington (3-4), Frank Howard, and the little one, Shortstop Ed Brinkman, who has raised his average 77 points this season, were both beset by mid-season miseries. The pair batted just .226 before the flu knocked Howard out of the lineup and Brinkman reported for military service. New York (3-3) picked up two games in its race with Cleveland (1-5) to avoid the cellar. The Yanks' wins came on Fritz Peterson's shutout and Stan Bahnsen's complete game, in which he allowed the Red Sox just one run.

Standings—East: Balt. 45-30, Det. 51-40, Bos. 52-37, Wash. 51-48, NY 45-51, Cleve. 37-58. West: Minn. 54-27, Oak. 52-38, Sea. 40-54, Chi. 40-54, KC. 39-55, Cal. 39-57.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Atlanta (4-3) Outfielder Tony Gonzalez hit two home runs, one a decisive grand slam, in a doubleheader sweep that pushed the Braves to within .003 of the Western Division lead. But neither Gonzalez nor any of his teammates made as much money from baseball in Georgia last week as Mrs. Estelle Hale, a housewife from Southam. By random selection, Mrs. Hale was assigned Gonzalez in the Braves' new promotion venture, "Home Run for the Money." When the left-handed batter hit his bases-loaded homer, Mrs. Hale won almost as much as Gonzalez makes in a season: \$3,600 for the homer plus a \$25,000 bonus because the bases were full. There were also big winners—three of them—in Los Angeles (3-3). Pitchers Claude Osteen, Bill Singer and Don Sutton each won a game and kept the Dodgers in the lead. For Singer, it was his 13th victory while Osteen, who turned in the trio's best showing with a five-hitter, and Sutton each won his 12th. In a wild game in which Manager Walt Alston could not use one of

HIGHLIGHT

"It's simple. We've been getting hits and fly balls at the right time. No tricks," said the Cardinals' third baseman, Mike Shannon, last week. Surging St. Louis may not have been using magic, but the team certainly was up to an old trick of winning and looking like a pennant contender. Behind by 15 1/2 games on July 4, the Cards have gone on a 12-4 streak and closed the gap between them and the first-place Cubs by 5 1/2 games. Only four times this year has St. Louis won when it trailed going into the seventh inning, but the team avoided that hazard during the streak by pounding the opposition early. In the 12 victories, the Cardinals scored 44 runs the first time at bat and, predictably, it was leadoff batter Lou Brock who led the way. He averaged .389 during the comeback and scored runs at the rate

of almost one a game. Two new members of the team—former Brave Joe Torre and former Red Vada Pinson—have made heroes of themselves by driving the scampering Brock and other Cards home, with 22 runs batted in since July 4. "It gives me great satisfaction," says Torre. "They wouldn't sign me as a kid and here I am now playing for the champs." Torre could be pessimistic if he's thinking about the 1969 title. No sign has come from as far back as the Cards were to win a pennant. The Cardinals are the reigning champs in the payroll department, however, a fact that many critics believe was responsible for the team's early season slowdown. Still, the rich St. Louisans have not lost a game on one of their unseasonably big paydays in nearly three seasons. It will be no mean trick but, if they stay hot, the Cards may just squeeze in one more payday—after the World Series.



BROCK: UP TO OLD TRICKS

his top three, the Dodgers lost to San Francisco (3-2) 14-13 as the two teams rapped 31 hits, including five home runs. The lead changed hands four times before substitute Bob Burda cloaked a seventh-inning, three-run homer to win for the Giants. Burda was inserted in the lineup only the inning before when Willie McCovey, claiming he hurt all over, removed himself from the game. A 381 week for Shortstop Dennis Menke and victories by Relief Pitchers Skip Guinn and Jim Ray helped keep Houston (2-3) within $6\frac{1}{2}$ games of the top, but an extraordinary effort by Lee May could not move Cincinnati (3-3) up in the standings. In a doubleheader, May slammed four home runs and collected 10 RBIs, a splurge that helped him tie McCovey for the league lead in homers with 29. The 26-year-old outfielder's powerful performance ran his total to six games in which he has hit two home runs this year. San Diego (2-3) had a brief winning streak broken and promptly reeled to three straight losses when its starting pitchers became ineffective. Dick Kelley, Al Santorini and Dave Roberts, allowing 13 runs in 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ innings, lost for the Padres. While Chicago (2-4) and New York (3-2) battled for the Eastern Division lead (page 7) and St. Louis (3-2) showed strong signs of revival (below), Pittsburgh (4-2) and Montreal (3-3) treated the fans at the Expos' Jarry Park to a wild series of their own. The Expos lost one to Luke Walker, who picked up his first win in 10 major league appearances with a three-hit, no-run performance. Complained Walker after the game, "I'm still not a winner in the U.S." The next night the Expos lost again when the Pirates scored six times in the eighth and ninth innings. In that game the Bucs had 17 hits, all but one of them singles, and hit into four double plays, but won on Roberto Clemente's bases-loaded hit in the ninth. Still, the Expos' fans remained so enthusiastic that one reporter called Jarry Park "the world's only bilingual outdoor insane asylum." Whereupon the Canadian team rewarded its raucous followers with a pair of victories, one a shutout by Bill Sweeney, the other coming on an eighth-inning, tie-breaking double by Coco Laboy. No sooner did National League Manager Red Schoendienst pick Grant Jackson as Philadelphia's (3-4) only representative in the All-Star Game, than Jackson started against Schoendienst's Cardinals and was bombed, allowing two runs before getting a man out in the first inning. Worse, with four of the Cardinal hitters Jackson was ahead 0-2. "That's been my main trouble," said Jackson. "Instead of throwing a waste pitch, I've been coming right at." Coming right on had Jackson going right out after giving up six runs and 11 hits.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

STAR BILLING

Sirs

I want to call your attention to a glaring inaccuracy in your cover story on O. J. Simpson (*I Really If You Are, O.J.*, July 14). It is stated that the Buffalo Bills didn't book an attractive exhibition schedule until after they drafted O.J. This is not true.

All our exhibition games, except the game with the Rams, were arranged last fall, long before we had any idea we were going to draft Simpson. You were as far from the truth here as you were in the statement that Simpson would put \$400,000 extra into the Buffalo till. The assumption that the game would not draw unless O.J. played is absurd. The doubleheader in Cleveland, particularly, has been an automatic sellout since long before O.J.

RALPH C. WILSON JR.
President
Buffalo Bills

Detroit

Sirs

I don't think it has ever occurred to Frank Deford that O.J. might not even make it in pro football.

Personally, I think O.J.'s lucky if he gets \$100,000.

PAUL EBERSOLE

Butler, N.J.

TWO EARS

Sirs

Thank you for the article on bullfighting by John McCormick (*The Sound of Horses*, July 7). Although I respect Mr. McCormick's opinions, I disagree with him about El Cordobés (Manuel Benítez) and Sebastián Palomo (Linares). Mr. McCormick said that El Cordobés is an "evil influence" on young matadors, and that "Linares, next to Cordobés, is the most vulgar character ever to put on a suit of lights."

I have seen El Cordobés and Linares fight on five different occasions and, while they are not "classical" matadors, I have found them to be fantastically brave and talented in their profession. Unlike the author's hero, Antonio Ordoñez, who won't give his best when he's not in the mood, both of these matadores give their all with every bull. In the words of the late great Juan Belmonte: "Tell me who is the highest paid matador, and I will tell you who is the best. In the end, it is the public who decides." El Cordobés is the public's choice.

KATHY WALLACE

Ridgewood, N.J.

Sirs

Two ears and a tail and a *varita al rondo* (a lap around the ring) for John McCor-

mick. For those of us who must remain here at home and can make it back to Spain only every few summers, such articles provide a welcome summary of the bulls. Mr. McCormick is an author who knows the art of bullfighting thoroughly. His book, *The Complete Aficionado*, is primarily for the expert fan, and his article is on the same level.

One summer, through arrangements by Ernest Hemingway, I traveled through Spain with Antonio Ordoñez, the finest bullfighter of our time. It was therefore gratifying to see Mr. McCormick call Antonio's work with one bull "one of the finest things I have ever seen in the plaza." Ordoñez is nearly 40 now, and slowing down somewhat, but he still retains that majesty of presence which only a very few men possess.

In all the years of its existence, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has never had a poorly written or unfair article on bullfighting, and *The Sound of Horses*, which recaptured so magnificently the magic of the madness of Pamplona's *feria*, joins the group.

JERREY LYONS

New York City

CASH AND CAREY

Sirs

With so many unusual names in baseball this year, some interesting trades might occur. For instance, we could see Norm Cash and Jimmie Foxx of the Tigers traded for Don Money of the Phillies. Or maybe a pitcher-trade involving Bill Hands, Phil Knuckles and Rollie Fingers of the Cubs, Padres and A's respectively?

How about swapping Bob Christian for Jose Pagan and Ted Savage? God forgive! Try swapping the Astros' Hal King for the Reds' Mel Queen. Eddie Fisher for Chico Salmon might be more on the level for the sportsman as would be Ron Hunt for Bob Moose.

The social registers would buzz if Pete Rose, Paul Casanova and Gary Gentry were dealt off for Ron Fairly, Bobby Wine and Jim Farry.

Had enough? I'll leave you with one more to think about. If the Dodgers' Jim Brewer were traded to Minnesota he would have to defend his products from Harmon Killebrew.

ROBERT TERKELTAUB

Montreal

THE BIRD

Sirs

I have just finished reading the first part of Al Hirschberg's and Ken Harrelson's story (*The High-Flying Well*, 196) *Hawk*, July 14 and 21) for the second time, and I'm laughing harder than I was the first time.

This is truly one of the funniest pieces of journalism I have ever read.

TOM CORDAKIN

Riverdale, Ill.

Sirs

Harrelson's account of his debut against the Yankees was truly hysterical. The Hawk's superego is matched only by his ability to share in a good laugh—even at his own expense. It proves that Moe Drabowsky is not alone. Harrelson, too, is a Grade-A nut.

JOHN DEFFEN

Bridgeport, Conn.

Sirs

Re your piece on the high-flying Hawk: What junk! What insipidity!

As a loyal follower of the Red Sox, I haven't missed Harrelson's antics one bit, and neither, I suspect, have many others—with the possible exception of a few fledgling psychiatrists.

If you must print portions of baseball biographies, at least give us something about someone with both skill and class—like Gil Hodges, for example.

GEORGE S. OSBORN

Waltham, Mass.

Sirs

Hawk, hell—he's nothing but a sparrow with a big nose!

F. W. JANSON

Louisville

LEFTY'S RIGHTS

Sirs

In SCORECARD of the June 23 issue you wrote about Charles G. (Lefty) Driesell, basketball coach of the University of Maryland. You insinuated that Lefty had accepted an automobile from the Davidson alumni knowing all the time that he was going to Maryland. It may interest you to know that when I called Lefty to congratulate him on his new position, he asked me (since I was the one who presented the car to him publicly) to take the car back and give it to the new coach at Davidson. This was a sincere request. I told him then that we gave him the car for what he had already done, not for what he was going to do in the future. We gave it to him on that basis and have had no reason to change our minds.

DONALD G. BRYANT
President
Wildcat Club

Charlotte, N.C.

Sirs

I was very upset about the accusations you made about me.

First, I would like to make it quite clear

continued

Torino wins again!

July 4. Torino Talladegas roared across the finish line 1-3-4-5 to win the Firecracker 400 for the second big victory at Daytona this year and the 9th big win of the 1969 season. On the next day another specially modified Torino won the Mason-Dixon 300. Going like this, Torino is headed for another Grand Slam like last season when Torino took all three stock car championships, NASCAR, USAC and ARCA. Torino's King of the Hill, too. On June 28 Bobby Unser won the annual Pikes Peak hill climb setting a new all-time record when he blasted his Torino Cobra 429 up the car-killing 12.4-mile course in 13 minutes and 40.05 seconds.

Here's Torino's mid-season record:

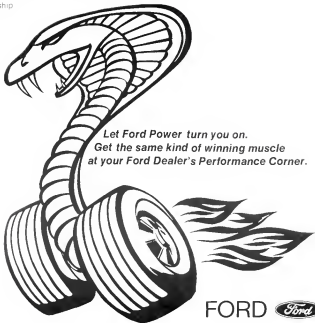
EVENT	DRIVER
Riverside 500	Richard Petty
ARCA 300	Benny Parsons
Daytona 500	Lee Roy Yarborough
Carolina 500	David Pearson
Richmond 500	David Pearson
Virginia 500	Richard Petty
Yankee 250	Parnelli Jones
Firecracker 400	Lee Roy Yarborough
Mason-Dixon 300	Richard Petty

Mustang wins again!

July 4. Mustang's win at Donneybrooke makes it 4 wins out of 5 starts in the grueling Trans Am sedan race series. Trans Am racing is a total test of a car. Running at speeds up to 150 mph on twisting road courses these specially modified cars take terrific punishment in every part—brakes, suspension, steering, transmission and engine. Winning a Trans Am race is real proof that a car's got what it takes and Mustang's well on the way to its third Trans Am championship.

Here's Mustang's '69 winning streak:

EVENT	DRIVER
Irish Hills	Parnelli Jones
Lime Rock	Sam Posey
Bridgehampton	George Follmer
Donneybrooke	Parnelli Jones



FORD



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10TH HOLE continued

that the Wildcat Basketball Camp was founded, owned, financed and run entirely by myself. I started it in 1964 and saw it grow from an attendance of 50 boys per week to 160 per week. We have had to turn boys down. I have rented the facilities from Davidson College for the past four years and had permission to rent from them this year. Last May when the administrators at Davidson decided they wanted to buy the camp, naturally I was shocked.

I had used my funds for advertising, printing brochures, health cards, mailings, secretarial help, etc. In addition, my wife had spent many hours organizing the camp and doing administrative and secretarial work. I had 160 campers all signed up at \$90 per camper, and this comes to approximately a \$57,000 business built up over a five-year period.

I do not believe that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has any reader who would not have offered to give me \$10,000 for this business. This would have given the buyer \$47,000 to operate on, not having spent one penny of his own.

I would have preferred to run my camp both from a financial standpoint (which I believe anyone can understand) and from the standpoint of working with my campers. However, Dr. Spencer, president of Davidson College, and I came to an agreement that cost me several thousand dollars, but I did not want to make any enemies in Charlotte or Davidson. I feel that Davidson College was quite satisfied with this agreement, and if they were not, I would be greatly surprised.

In regard to the Thunderbird, I believe that Dr. Don Bryant, who presented me with the car, is going to write to you confirming that I offered to give the car back to him when I accepted the Maryland job. I also offered to return it to two other people who I knew were responsible for helping raise the money for the purchase of the automobile. All of them said that I could not return it.

As for my television show, I would estimate that nearly every coach who has ever had a team ranked in the top 10 has had his own television show, and I believe that this was an asset to Davidson as well as myself during my coaching career at Davidson.

Incidentally, there was no lawyer involved with my dealings with Dr. Spencer, as all of the negotiations were done between Dr. Spencer and myself.

I would like the facts about the camp and the automobile to be made known to your reading public, and let them decide if I have accepted anything unfairly or if I was the one who lost out. I have a great deal of love for Davidson and many friends in North Carolina who I would not want misled by your slanted remarks.

CHARLING G. DREEMEL
College Park, Md

FAIRWAY FATTIES Sirs,

A person really doesn't have to be in any kind of physical shape to play golf, does he? Witness the chunky one you spotlighted in your article on the U.S. Open (*Old Surge Cools It*, June 23). Your excellent color photography gave us marvelous closeups of Miller Barber's double chin, Deville Moody's jowly countenance and ample girth, plus a long-range profile of Bob Murphy's protruding paunch. And these men, champion golfers all, dare to call themselves athletes? They are a disgrace to the term.

Isn't it about time we stopped deluding ourselves and put golf in its proper place? It is a game, not a sport.

However, if golfing buffs would truly like to upgrade the game to sporting status, I have a suggestion: Why not put a time element in the scoring? First man to finish the 18 holes would be able to subtract one stroke for every minute (or part thereof) his opponent finished behind him. And no golf carts. Everyone has to run after the ball! Golfers would tee up simultaneously, and at a given signal—*whack!*—the race is on.

Boy, would those fairway fatties ever melt away the sweat under those conditions.

AL WARD
Boyville, N.Y.

DECLINE IN THE WEST Sirs,

In Mark Mulvey's article on Reggie Jackson (*Miami and the Babe, Move Over!*, July 7) the author states that the A's management is partially responsible for the poor attendance at Oakland baseball games this year because of absentee ownership, and "the Charles D. Finley organization has done nothing to promote them among prospective fans."

Perhaps Mulvey overlooks the most obvious reasons for the disappointing baseball attendance in Oakland. First, where there once were just two major league baseball teams to divide California's baseball fans, there are now five teams. Secondly, interest in baseball, which was at its peak when the Giants and the Dodgers were consistent pennant contenders, is now in a slump due to the winning professional and college football and basketball teams that have diverted the sports fans' attention. Perhaps this is why, in addition to Oakland, baseball attendance figures in San Diego, Anaheim, Los Angeles and San Francisco are also below par.

But Reggie Jackson and all the other young, talented A's are bound to stimulate baseball interest if the team becomes a consistent pennant contender.

WARREN E. SIEGEL
Hayward, Calif

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg.**,
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Professional golfer Lee Elder, chosen by Golf Digest as the man to watch in '89, has done some choosing of his own. He's decided to play the Faultless solid ball. Which means he's got a lot of faith in it, especially since he'll be playing the Faultless in some of the biggest tournaments on the tour.

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And maybe a little more accurate, too.

(That little goes a long way, because the most beautiful part of Elder's game is the pinpoint accuracy of his drives.)

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Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

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Scotch will you ever hear
one hundred Pipers.
So goes the legend.

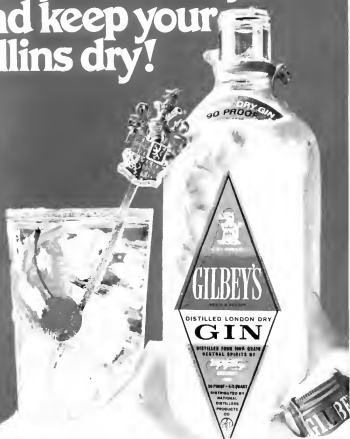
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